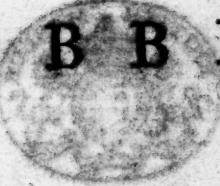


M C Harmon

THE

R O B B E R S.





THE
R O B B E R S.
A
T R A G E D Y.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
OF
FREDERICK SCHILLER.

THE SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND IMPROVED.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.XCV.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this Tragedy, Mr Schiller, was educated in the *Ecole Militaire*, founded by the Duke of Wirtemberg. At the age of twenty-three, he wrote this piece, which procured him the highest reputation over all Germany; but the rigour of that institution, to whose discipline he was then subjected, being adverse to such pursuits, he was prohibited the use of his pen, under pain of imprisonment. Indignant at this unworthy restraint, he left his native country, and now resides at Manheim, where he has the title of Aulic Counsellor of the Palatinate of Bávaria. Besides this Tragedy, he is the Author of two others, *The Conspiracy of Fiesco*, and *Cabal and Love*. He was likewise employed lately in the composition of a Tragedy on the story of *Don Carlos*; but whether it is yet finished or not, is uncertain. Besides these dramatic pieces, Mr Schiller is the author of a Novel called the *Ghost-Seer*, written with the view of exposing to contempt and detestation the artifices of those impostors in Germany, who distinguished themselves, and their disciples, or dupes, by the epithet of *The Illuminated*. This small work originally appeared in a periodical paper en-

titled *Thalia*; and it has been lately translated into English.

The three Plays above mentioned are published in one volume, printed at Manheim, by C. F. Schwan and G. C. Goetz, 1786.

P R E-

P R E F A C E,

BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

Of this most extraordinary production, *The Tragedy of the Robbers*, it is probable that different opinions may be formed by the Critics, according to those various standards by which they are in use to examine and to rate the merit of dramatical compositions. To those who have formed their taste on Aristotelian rules, derived from the meagre drama of the Greeks, or on the equally regular, though more varied, compositions of the French stage, accommodated to the same rules, this Tragedy, as transgressing against the two chief unities of Time and Place, will be judged a very faulty composition. But even to such Critics, if they are endowed with any real perception of the sublime and beautiful, this composition will be acknowledged, in spite of its irregularity as a whole, to abound with passages of the most

most superior excellence, and to exhibit situations the most powerfully interesting that can be figured by the imagination.

ON the other hand, to those who are disposed to consider a strict adherence to the unities, as a factitious criterion of dramatic merit, as originating from no basis in nature or in good sense, and as imposing a limitation on the sphere of the drama, by excluding from it the most interesting actions or events, which are incapable of being confined within those rules, this performance will be found to possess a degree of merit that will entitle it to rank in the very first class of dramatic compositions. This Tragedy touches equally those great master-springs of Terror and of Pity. It exhibits a conflict of the passions, so strong, so varied, and so affecting, that the mind is never allowed to repose itself, but is hurried on through alternate emotions of compassion and abhorrence, of anxiety and terror, of admiration and regret, to the catastrophe. The language too is bold and energetic, highly impassioned, and perfectly adapted to the expression of that sublimity of sentiment which it is intended to convey.

A distinguishing feature of this piece, is a certain wildness of fancy, which displays itself not only in the delineation of the persons of the drama, but in the painting of those scenes in which the action is laid. This striking circumstance of merit in the Tragedy of the Robbers was observed and felt by a critic of genuine taste, who, in an excellent account of the German Theatre, in which he has particularly analyzed this Tragedy, thus expresses himself: "The intrinsic force

" of

" of this dramatic character, (the hero of the piece) is
" heightened by the singular circumstance in which it
" is placed. Captain of a band of inexorable and fan-
" guinary banditti, whose furious valour he wields to
" the most desperate purposes ; living with those as-
" sociates amidst woods and deserts, terrible and savage
" as the wolves they have displaced ; this presents to
" the fancy a kind of preternatural personage, wrapped
" in all the gloomy grandeur of visionary beings *."

BUT the circumstance which of all others tends most powerfully to increase the interest of this Tragedy, while it impresses on the delineation of its scenes a strong stamp of originality, is the principle of Fatalism, which pervades the whole piece, and influences the conduct of the chief agents in the drama. The sentiment of moral agency is so rooted in the mind of man, that no sceptical sophistry, even of the most acute genius, is capable of eradicating it : And it is a singular phenomenon, that the opposing principle of Fatalism, while it urges on to the perpetration of the most flagitious acts, has in reality no effect in weakening the moral feeling, or in diminishing that remorse which is attendant on the commission of crimes. For this reason, the compassionate interest which the mind feels in the emotions or sufferings of the guilty person, is not diminished by the observation, that he acts under an impression of inevitable destiny. On the contrary, there is something in our nature which leads us the more to compassionate the instrument of those crimes, that we see him

* Account of the German Theatre, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq; Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, vol. 2.

him consider himself as bound to guilt by fetters, which he has the constant wish, but not the strength to break. The hero of this piece, endowed by nature with the most generous feelings, animated by the highest sense of honour, and susceptible of the warmest affections of the heart, is driven by perfidy, and the supposed inhumanity of those most dear to him in life, into a state of confirmed misanthropy and despair. In this situation, he is hurried on to the perpetration of a series of crimes, which find, from their very magnitude and atrocity, a recommendation to his distempered mind. Believing himself an instrument of vengeance in the hand of the Almighty for the punishment of the crimes of others, he feels a species of savage satisfaction in thus accomplishing the dreadful destiny that is prescribed for him. Sensible, at the same time, of his own criminality in his early lapse from the paths of virtue, he considers himself as justly doomed to the performance of that part in life which is to confign his memory to infamy, and his soul to perdition. It will be allowed; that the imagination could not have conceived a spectacle more deeply interesting, more powerfully affecting to the mind of man, than that of a human being thus characterised, and acting under such impressions.

IT is worthy of observation, that the principle of Fatalism is employed in this Tragedy to a much better end, than that to which it is used in the ancient Drama of the Greeks. It is there almost constantly found in direct opposition to justice and morality. The most innocent and the most virtuous character is frequently represented as the victim of perpetual misery, in consequence of a blind

a blind decree of Fate. We sympathise most deeply with the unhappy sufferer ; but it is a sympathy which partakes not in the smallest degree of pleasure ; for there can be no pleasure while the mind is in a constant state of dissatisfaction. The tendency of such representations, which arraign the Justice of Providence, is therefore equally impious and immoral. In the Tragedy of the Robbers, the principle of Fatalism is reconciled to the Justice of the Divinity, and therefore to the moral feelings of man ; for the doom of misery is represented as the just consequence of criminality, and the chief punishment of the offender is the intolerable anguish of his own guilty mind.

THIS Tragedy has been performed on several of the theatres of Germany with a success correspondent to its merit.—So powerful, indeed, were its effects, and, as some thought, so dangerous, that in several States its representation was prohibited by the legislature. An anecdote which is current in Germany, if admitted to be a fact, would show that these ideas of a rigour apparently impolitic were not ill founded. “ After the “ representation of this Tragedy at Fribourg, a large “ party of the youth of the city, among whom were “ the sons of some of the chief nobility, captivated by “ the grandeur of the character of its hero, *Moor*, agreed “ to form a band like his in the forests of Bohemia, “ elected a young nobleman for their chief, and had “ pitched on a beautiful young lady for his *Amelia*, “ whom they were to carry off from her parents house, “ to accompany their flight. To the accomplishment of “ this design, they had bound themselves by the most “ tremendous

"tremendous oaths ; but the conspiracy was discovered
"by an accident, and its execution prevented *."

If the Translator of *The Robbers* were not convinced that this anecdote, of which perhaps there has been some slight foundation in truth, has been very greatly exaggerated, and indeed altogether misrepresented, he would acknowledge himself to stand in need of a strong apology for introducing this piece to the knowledge of his countrymen : For who could justify himself to his own mind for disseminating and even recommending that composition, which has shown itself, by its effects, to be of the most dangerous tendency ?—But the Translator, encouraged by the testimony of his own feelings, makes a bold appeal to the feelings of others, and has no scruple to assert, that this piece, so far from being hostile in its nature to the cause of virtue, is one of the most truly moral compositions that ever flowed from the pen of genius : Nor is there a human being, whose heart is in the slightest degree susceptible of virtuous emotions, that will not feel them roused into a flame, and every latent principle of morality called forth, and strengthened by an exercise of the passions, as salutary as ever was furnished by imaginary scenes. For, what example so moral in its nature, as that of a noble and ingenuous mind yielding at first to the blandishments of pleasure, embarking heedlessly in a course of criminal extravagance, which leagues him with a society of the most worthless and profligate of his species—perpetually at war with his own better feelings, which give him the keenest pangs of remorse—the bonds of this association becoming

* Account of the German Theatre. Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

becoming at length indissoluble, till, wading on gradually through scenes of increasing atrocity, he feels, in the shipwreck of all his happiness in this world, a dreadful anticipation of that inevitable doom of misery which he knows is to attend him in the next?—What is there, it must be asked, in an example of this kind, which is unfavourable to the cause of morality? Is it the grandeur of the character of *Moor*? But this very grandeur is the circumstance which makes the example more forcibly persuasive to virtue. The grandeur of his character consists in those excellent endowments of nature which guilt has poisoned and perverted to the bane of society, to a determined hostility against his own species, and to the most poignant misery of their once amiable possessor.—Is this a grandeur of character which incites to imitation, or which can corrupt by its example? Far otherwise. With equal justice might we arraign the poem of Milton of immoral tendency, for having represented the arch-fiend with the characters of a fallen angel.—We admire, but it is with awe and horror.—We gaze on the precipice with an astonishment mixed with delight, but we draw back while we gaze on it.—The other principal characters in this Play have the most direct tendency to produce moral instruction. The weakness of an indulgent parent, whose over-weaning affection for one of his sons excites the fraternal hatred of the other, is productive of the most miserable consequences. The unqualified depravity of the younger son, his fiend-like malevolence, and atrocious guilt, are attended with a punishment as horrible as it is merited.

THE exhibition of the Tragedy of the Robbers at Fribourg had in all probability produced among the youth of the public school some holiday-frolic, which in its consequences was serious enough to attract the attention of the police of the city. Some boyish depredations might have been committed, and perhaps a youthful intrigue have been discovered, in which the principal party had availed himself of the aid of his companions.—These circumstances, magnified by report, will sufficiently account for the anecdote above mentioned.

A FRENCH translation of this Tragedy appears in the Theatre Allemand, published in twelve volumes 8vo, by Mess. Friedel and De Bonneville. The English Translator's opinion of that version is, that it is perhaps as good as the language of the translation will admit of: But as the French language in point of energy is far inferior to our own tongue, and very far beneath the force of the German, he owns he is not without hopes that his translation may be found to convey a more just idea of the striking merits of the original.

THE

THE PERSONS.

MAXIMILIAN, COUNT DE MOOR.

CHARLES DE MOOR, }
FRANCIS DE MOOR, } His Sons.

AMELIA, his Niece.

SPIEGELBERG,

SWITZER,

GRIMM,

SCHUFTERLE,

ROLLER,

RAZMAN,

KOZINSKI,

HERMAN, the Natural Son of a Nobleman.

A COMMISSARY.

DANIEL, an old Servant of the Count de Moor's.

SERVANTS, ROBBERS, &c.

Young Libertines, who become
Robbers.

The Scene is laid in Germany, at the time of the enactment of a perpetual peace, in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

THE
R O B B E R S.

A C T I.

SCENE, FRANCONIA.

A Hall in Count de Moor's Castle.

The Old Count de Moor, and his Son Francis.

FRANCIS.

BUT you are not well, Sir :—You look pale.

OLD MOOR.

Quite well, my son.—What have you to say to me?

FRANCIS.

The Post is come in.—A letter from our correspondent at Leipzick—

OLD MOOR.

(Earnestly.) Any news of my son Charles?

FRANCIS.

Hm, hm. Why, yes—but—I am afraid—if—you were ailing at all—or in the least indisposed—I beg pardon—I will tell you at a more convenient time. (*Half apart*). Such tidings are not for a frail old man.

A

OLD

THE ROBBERS.

OLD MOOR.

Great God ! What am I doom'd to hear !

FRANCIS.

Let me step aside one moment, while I drop a tear of compassion for my poor lost brother.—But on this subject, as he is your son, I should be silent.—As he is my brother, I ought for ever to conceal his shame.—Yet it is my first duty to obey you—in this instance, a melancholy duty.—Pity me, Sir ! I need your pity !

OLD MOOR.

O Charles, Charles ! how you wring your father's heart !—Ah did you but know that on your conduct hangs his feeble life !—Alas ! that every fresh account I hear, should bring me nearer to the grave !

FRANCIS.

Is it then so ? poor old man ! Heaven forbid that I should e'er abridge your days * !

OLD MOOR.

There is but one step more ;—one little step. Let him accomplish his will, (*sitting down.*) The sins of the fathers must be punished, to the third and fourth generation.—Be it even so !

FRANCIS.

(*Taking the letter out of his pocket.*) You know our correspondent's writing. There—I would give a finger of my right hand, to be able to say he is a liar ;—a black infernal liar. Call up all your fortitude, Sir.—Pardon me, Sir, you must not read this letter ;—it were too much to know all at once.

OLD

* GERM. *Wir wurden noch heute die haare aufräufen über everm farge.* We will not tear our hair over your coffin to-day.

THE ROBBERS.

3

OLD MOOR.

All, did you say? O my son, you wish to spare this gray head; but—

FRANCIS.

(Reads.) "Leipzick, the 1st of May.—Your brother seems now to have filled up the measure of his shame—unless indeed his genius passes my comprehension. After contracting debts to the amount of 40,000 ducats," (a pretty sum this, Sir), "and seducing the daughter of a rich banker, whose lover, a brave young gentleman, he mortally wounded in a duel, he thought proper last night, at midnight, to decamp, with seven others of his profligate associates, and thus evade the pursuit of justice." Father, for Heaven's sake,—Father,—How is it with you?

OLD MOOR.

It is enough.—Stop there, my son!

FRANCIS,

Yes, I will spare you—I will indeed.—"They have sent off warrants—the injured parties cry aloud for justice—there is a price set upon his head.—The name of Moor"—No—these lips shall not be guilty of a father's murder. (Tears the letter in pieces.) Believe it not, Sir; believe not a syllable of it,

OLD MOOR.

(Weeps bitterly.) My name!—My honourable name!

FRANCIS,

Oh that he never had borne the name of Moor!—that my heart had not beat thus warmly for him!—Impious affection that will not be suppressed, that must one day rise in judgment against me at the throne of God!

THE ROBBERS.

OLD MOOR.

O—all my prospects!—all my golden dreams!

FRANCIS.

I knew it well—’Twas what I always predicted.—That spirit of fire, said you, which sparkled forth even in his boyish years, which showed itself in an exquisite sensibility to every thing that was great or beautiful—that generous openness of character—the soul which spoke forth in his eyes—that tenderness of feeling, that manly courage, that youthful thirst of honour, that inflexible resolution, and all those shining qualities that adorn my darling son, will make him one day the delight of his friends, the support of his country,—the hero, the great man! And now, Sir, what has all come to? That spirit of fire has indeed displayed itself! burst forth with a vengeance! and mark its glorious course! —Observe that admired openness of character,—now confirmed audacity: That tenderness of feeling,—awake only to the allurements of the wanton; sensible only to the charms of a Phryne! Where now is that bright genius? Is the oil which supplied that resplendent lamp quite extinguished?—Have six short years consumed it to the dregs? Poor old man! where is now your hero? a spectre,—a body without life, that feebly crawls the earth, the scoff of all that behold him. “Mark,” say they, “the fruits of pleasure—martyr to love, forsooth!” See now that spirit of enterprise, which has planned and executed such schemes, that the exploits of a Cartouche vanish before them. But when these splendid blossoms come to their full maturity,—for how can one expect perfection at so early an age,—perhaps, Father, you may have the satisfaction of seeing him at the head

of

of one of those troops that chuse the hallowed recesses of the forest for their abode, and kindly ease the weary traveller of his burden!—Perhaps, before you go to the grave, you may have it in your power to make a pilgrimage to the monument which will be raised for him between heaven and earth!—Perhaps, Father,—O my poor father! find out for yourself another name,—or the very boys in the streets will point their fingers at you, the boys who have seen your son's effigy in the market-place of Leipzick.

OLD MOOR.

Is this well, my Francis—must you likewise?—O my children! how you pierce my heart!

FRANCIS.

Yes!—you see that I too have a spirit;—but my spirit is a scorpion's spirit:—Ay, that poor, that ordinary creature Francis, that stock, that wooden puppet, so frigid, so insensible;—and all those pretty epithets with which you were pleased to mark the contrast 'twixt the brothers, when he sat on your knee and pinched your cheek.—He, poor creature,—'twas of me you spoke,—he will die within his narrow bounds, moulder away, and be forgotten,—while his brother's fame, the renown of that great, that universal genius, shall fly from one extremity of the earth to the other!—Yes, with uplifted hands, I thank thee, Heaven! that the poor Francis, the cold, the stupid stock—has no resemblance of his brother.

OLD MOOR.

Pardon me, my child.—Reproach not thy miserable father, whose fondest hopes are blasted for ever.—That God, who has ordained these tears to flow for the

crimes of thy brother, has mercifully appointed that thou shouldest wipe them away.

FRANCIS.

Yes, my Father,—thy Francis will wipe those tears away;—thy Francis will sacrifice his own life to prolong the days of his father;—thy life shall be the rule of all my actions—the spring of every thought;—nor shall there be in nature a tie so strong, a bond so sacred, as not to yield to that first of duties, the preservation, the comfort, of that precious life!—Do you not believe me, Sir?

OLD MOOR.

Thou hast many and great duties to fulfil, my son.—May Heaven bless thee for what thou hast done, and what thou yet shalt do for me.

FRANCIS.

Say then at once, that you were happy if you could not call that wretch your son.

OLD MOOR.

Peace, O peace!—when he first came into life, when my arms sustained for the first time his infant limbs, did I not then appeal to heaven, did I not call God himself to witness of my happiness.

FRANCIS.

You said so then.—How have you found it now? Is there even among your servants, so low, so abject a being, that you would not exchange conditions with him;—enviable in this respect his lot, that he is not the father of such a son. Yes,—while he lives, what have you to look for but bitterness of soul—but still increasing torments? till nature herself sink under the weight of her affliction.

OLD

THE ROBBERS.

7

OLD MOOR.

Oh what a load of years has affliction already anticipated on these gray hairs !

FRANCIS.

Well then—suppose you throw him off at once;—renounce for ever this —————

OLD MOOR.

(Starting with emotion.) What didst thou say? renounce him!—Wouldst thou I should curse my son?

FRANCIS.

Not so, my Father,—curse thy son! God forbid.—But whom dost thou call thy son?—Is it the monster to whom thou gavest life, and who in return does his utmost to abridge thy life?

OLD MOOR.

Unnatural child! ah me!—but still, still my child!

FRANCIS.

Yes, an amiable, a precious child, whose continual study is to get rid of an old father,—O that you should be thus slow to discover his character:—Will nothing remove the scales from your eyes?—No—your indulgence must rivet him in all his vices; your support encourage, and even warrant them.—Thus you may avert the curse from his head—that eternal curse, which must now fall upon your own.

OLD MOOR.

'Tis just, most just:—Mine, mine alone is all the guilt.

FRANCIS.

How many thousands, who have drank deep of the cup of pleasure, have been reclaimed by suffering?—Is not the bodily pain which is the consequence of vice a certain

certain mark of the interposition of Heaven? And must the tenderness of man impiously strive to avert that salutary consequence?—Think on that, Sir,—If he is exposed for some time to the pressure of misfortune, is it not probable he will amend?—But if, in the great school of affliction, he still remains incorrigible, then—woe be to that misguided parent, who counteracts the decrees of eternal Wisdom! What say you, Father?

OLD MOOR.

I will write to him, that I throw him off for ever!

FRANCIS.

'Twere right, and wisely done.

OLD MOOR.

That he never see my face again.—

FRANCIS.

That will have a good effect.

OLD MOOR.

(With emotion), Till he become another man.—

FRANCIS.

Right, Sir, quite right.—But suppose him now to come like a hypocrite, and woo you to compassion, and fawn and flatter till he obtains his pardon; and the next moment he laughs at the fond weakness of his father, in the arms of his harlots.—No, no, Sir. Let him alone, till conscience awakens him;—then he will of his own accord return to his duty;—then may we expect a sincere amendment.

OLD MOOR.

I must write to him immediately. (*He is going out.*)

FRANCIS.

Stop, Sir; one word more.—I am afraid your anger may make you say something too harsh.—It would be

cruel

cruel to drive him at once to despair.—And (*hesitating*), on the other hand—don't you think—that he might be apt to interpret a letter from your own hand, as perhaps a—sort of pardon—Would it not be better, Sir, if I should write to him ?

OLD MOOR.

Do so, my son.—Oh, it would have broke my heart to have written to him ! Write to him, that—

FRANCIS.

(*Hastily.*) Is that agreed then ?

OLD MOOR.

Write to him, that a thousand tears of blood, a thousand sleepless nights—But don't, my son, don't drive him to despair.

FRANCIS.

Come, Sir, Won't you go to bed,—this affects you too much.

OLD MOOR.

Write to him, that his father's heart—But do not drive him to despair ! (*He goes off in great agitation.*)

FRANCIS.

(*Looking at him with an air of mockery.*) Ay, be comforted, my good dotard. Never more shall you press your darling to your bosom ;—no, there is a gulph between—distant as heaven from hell.—He was torn for ever from your arms, before you knew it was possible you ever could have desired it.—These papers must not be seen ;—that might be dangerous—if the hand-writing were known. (*He gathers up all the scraps of paper.*) —I should be a pitiful bungler indeed, if I knew not yet how to tear a son from the heart of his father, were they link'd together with chains of iron.—Courage my boy !

boy! the favourite's removed;—that's a giant's step.—But there is another heart, from which I must tear that image; ay, were that heart to break for it.—(*He walks with a striding step across the stage.*) I have a heavy debt of hatred against Nature, and by my soul! I'll make it good.—Why was that hideous burden of deformity laid upon me alone;—of all my race, on me alone? (*Stamps with his foot.*) Hell and damnation! on me alone;—as if she had formed me only of the scum, the very refuse of her stuff! She damn'd me from my birth! And here I swear eternal enmity against her.—I'll blast her fairest works.—What are to me the ties of kindred! I'll burst those trammels of affection,—bonds of the soul—I never knew their force:—She denied me the sweet play of the heart, and all its persuasive eloquence.—What must its place supply? Imperious force;—henceforth be that the only servant of my wishes,—and all shall yield before me.

(*Enter Amelia.—She comes slowly forward from the back part of the stage.*)

FRANCIS.

She comes! Aha! the medicine works;—I know it by her step.—I love her not;—but I cannot bear that another should be happy in those charms.—In my arms, shall they be choked and withered in the bud;—nor ever man shall reap their bloom.—Ha, what are you doing there? (*Amelia, without observing him, tears a nose-gay in pieces, and treads it under foot.*)

(*Francis, Approaching with a malicious air.*) What have these poor violets done to offend you?

AMELIA.

(*Starting, and measuring him with a long look.*) Is it you!

THE ROBBERS.

21

you!—you here! whom of all mankind I most desired to see.

FRANCIS.

Me? Is it possible!—me of all mankind!

AMELIA.

You, Sir, even you.—I have hungered—I have thirsted for the sight of you.—Stay, I conjure you.—Here, poisoner, let me enjoy my highest pleasure, let me curse thee to thy face.

FRANCIS.

Why am I thus treated?—You wrong me, child;—go to the father, who —

AMELIA.

The father, Ha! that father, who gives his son the bread of despair to eat—while he pampers himself with the richest delicacies;—who gluts his palled appetite with costly wines, and rests his palsied limbs in down,—while his son,—his noble son,—the paragon of all that's worthy, all that's amiable, that's great,—wants the bare necessaries of life.—Shame on you, monsters of inhumanity, unfeeling, brutal monsters!—His only son!

FRANCIS.

I thought he had two sons.

AMELIA.

Ay! he deserves many such sons as you.—Yes, when stretch'd on the bed of death, he shall extend his feeble hands, and seek to grasp for the last time his injured noble Charles, let him feel thy icy hand, thou fiend, and shudder at the touch!—Oh how sweet,—how delicious the curse of a dying father!

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

You rave, my child ! I pity you !

AMELIA.

Dost thou so ?—Dost thou pity thy brother ?—No, savage ! thou hatest him ! Thou hatest me too, I hope.

FRANCIS.

I love thee, Amelia,—as my own soul I love thee.

AMELIA.

Well !—If you love me, can you refuse me one small request ?

FRANCIS.

Nothing can I refuse thee,—were it my life itself.

AMELIA.

Well then !—I ask what you will grant, with all your soul.—(*Proudly.*)—I ask you to—hate me ! I should die for shame, if, while I thought on Charles, I could for a moment believe that thou didst not hate me.—Promise me that thou wilt, and go,—villain as thou art,—leave me.

FRANCIS.

Charming enthusiast ! How that impassioned soul enchanteth me ! (*Puts his hand on Amelia's heart.*) Sweet flutterer ! Palace of delight, where Charles reign'd sole monarch.—Temple sacred to his divinity !—He was ever present to those beauteous eyes—present even in thy dreams.—In him all animated being seemed concentrated.—Creation itself spoke but of Charles alone to that enraptured soul !

AMELIA.

(*With great emotion.*) Yes !—I own it was so !—Yes, in spite of you, barbarians, to the world I will avow it,—I love him—I adore him !

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

How ungenerous, how cruel ! to make so ill a return
to so much fondness—nay, to forget—

AMELIA.

Forget !—What mean'st thou, wretch ?

FRANCIS.

Wore he not once a ring of yours ;—a ring you put
yourself upon his finger ? A diamond ring, a pledge of
your fond love ? It is a hard trial, I own, for the heat
of youthful blood—and hardly resistible.—Those wan-
tions have such arts, such fascinating charms—there is
some apology for a young man—and then, how could
he help it ? he had nothing else to give her—surely
she paid him amply for it by her caresses.

AMELIA.

My ring to a wanton ? how sayst thou ?

FRANCIS.

Fy, fy ! 'twas infamous indeed.—But still, if that had
been all—was it not easy to have redeem'd it, however
costly—a good Jew might have lent the money.—But
perhaps she did not like the fashion of it—it may be he
changed it himself for a handsomer !

AMELIA.

(Warmly.) But *my* ring !—*my* ring !

FRANCIS.

Ay, think of that.—Had I had such a jewel—and
from Amelia too !—death itself should not have ravish'd
it from this hand.—What think you, Amelia ?—'Tis
not the value of the diamond, 'tis not the costliness of
the work—'tis love that gives it value.—Dear child !
she weeps—Oh ! curs'd be he that caus'd those preci-

ous

ous tears to flow.—Ah! and if you knew all—could you but see him now—see him with those features!—

AMELIA.

With what features, monster!

FRANCIS.

Hush, hush, my gentle soul! ask me no further. (*Speaking as if apart, but loud enough to be heard by her.*) 'Twere something if that abominable vice had but a veil to conceal its deformity from the sight of the world—but how hideous its aspect, mark'd by the yellow livid eye—the hollow death-like features, the bones that pierce the shrivell'd skin—the broken faltering voice—the frail and tottering carcase, while the poison preys into the very marrow of the bones—Horrible and loathsome picture—Faugh! how the thought sickens! Do you remember, Amelia, that miserable object who died lately in the hospital—whose contagious breath tainted the air—whom modesty forbade to look at.—Recal, if thou canst, that loathsome image.—Such, O horrible to think! is now thy once lov'd Charles! His lips distil poison—his kisses pestilence and death—

AMELIA.

Detested, shameless slanderer!

FRANCIS.

Does this image of thy lover inspire thee with horror? Then paint him, Amelia, in your own imagination—the lovely, the divine, the angelic Charles! Go! enjoy the ambrofia of his lips,—inhale his balmy breath! (*Amelia bides her face with her hands.*) Oh extacy! What rapture in those embraces!—But is it not most unjust—nay cruel, to condemn a man because he is so unfortunate as to be the victim of disease? May not a great

great soul inhabit a foul carcase? (*With malignant irony.*) May not the beauties of the mind dwell in a tainted body—or the soft voice of love issue from the lips of corruption?—True indeed, if the poison of debauchery should taint the soul as well as the body; if impurity and virtue were inconsistent, as a withered rose loses its perfume, then—

AMELIA,

(*With rapture.*) Ha! once more I know my Charles! my own Charles! Liar! 'tis false as hell! You know, monster! it is impossible! (*Francis remains for a while absent in thought, and then turns away suddenly, as if going out.*) Whither art thou going!—Does shame overpower thee?

FRANCIS.

(*Covering his face.*) Let me begone—let my tears have their free course.—Cruel, tyrannic father! that could abandon to misery the best, the worthiest of thy children!—Let me hence this moment, to throw myself at his feet—and on my knees intreat him to heap upon my head that heavy malediction—To throw me off, disinherit me for ever—To sacrifice my blood, my life, my all for him!

AMELIA.

Is it possible? Art thou yet my Charles's brother—the kind, the tender—

FRANCIS.

O Amelia! how I love, how I admire that matchless constancy of affection?—Wilt thou pardon me that most severe, that cruel trial of thy love?—How hast thou justified all I hoped, all I could have wished to have found in thee! Those tears, those sighs—that ardent indignation!

dignation!—Ah! Such are the certain proofs how much our souls have ever sympathised!

AMELIA.

(*Shakes her head.*) No! by the chaste light of heaven! Not an atom of him,—not a spark of his soul,—not a particle of his sensibility!—

FRANCIS.

'Twas on a calm, still evening, the last before his departure for Leipzick, when taking me along with him to that grove which has so often witnessed the rapturous expressions of your passion, your vows of mutual love;—there, after a long silence, he took my hand in his; and while the tears almost choked his utterance, I leave my Amelia, said he.—I know not how to account for it—but I have a sad presentiment that it is for ever! Do not abandon her, my dear brother.—Be her friend, her Charles! Should it happen, that Charles—should never return;—that he were gone for ever. (*He throws himself at Amelia's feet, and kisses her hand with ardour:*)—And he is gone for ever,—no more will he return;—and I have pledged my sacred promise.—

AMELIA.

(*Springing back.*) Traitor! Are you now detected!—'Twas in that very grove that we exchanged our solemn plighted oaths, that no other love,—even after death—What an impious wretch art thou,—how execrable!—Quit my sight!

FRANCIS.

You know me not, Amelia.—Still, still you know me not.

AMELIA.

O I know you well,—most completely well at this instant.

instant.—And you my Charles's confidant ! Yes sure — to you he would have opened all his soul ;—on your bosom he would have shed those tears for me ! figh'd forth my name in your blasted ear.—As soon would he have written it on the pillory !—Quit my sight !

FRANCIS.

You insult me grossly, Madam.

AMELIA.

Quit my sight !—Thou hast robb'd me of a precious hour. May it be counted on thy worthless life !

FRANCIS.

You hate me then ?

AMELIA.

I scorn you, wretch. Begone !

FRANCIS.

What ! (*Stamping with fury on the ground.*) Thou shalt quake for this.—To be sacrificed to an outcast ! (*Goes off in a frenzy of passion.*)

AMELIA.

Go, mean and infamous wretch !—Now am I once more with Charles !—Outcast, did he say ? the world is then unhinged :—Outcasts are kings, and kings are outcasts ! I would not change the rags which that poor outcast wears for the imperial purple ! What must be that look with which he begs his bread ! An eye of majesty itself,—a look that dazzles into nought the splendour of the proud, the pageant triumphs of the rich and great. (*She tears the jewels from her neck.*) To the dust with you, ye useless ornaments :—Go load the unfeeling head of vanity.—Ye rich, ye proud, be that wealth ye glory in your curse ! be your pleasures your poison !—Charles, Charles, now I am worthy thee ! — [Exit.

B

SCENE,

SCENE, *An Inn on the frontiers of Saxony.*

CHARLES DE MOOR.

(*Alone walking about with impatience.*) What is become of those fellows? Sure they have been upon some scamper.—Here, house! get me some more wine! 'Tis very late, and the post not yet arrived. (*Putting his hand on his heart.*) How it beats here! Halloah! More wine! wine, I say! I need a double portion of courage to-day—for joy, or for despair. (*Wine is brought,—Moor drinks, and strikes the table violently with the glass.*) What a damn'd inequality in the lot of mankind!—While the gold lies useless in the mouldy coffer of the miser, the leaden hand of poverty checks the daring flight of youth, and chills the fire of enterprise:—Wretches, whose income is beyond computation, have worn my threshold in dunning payment of a few miserable debts;—yet so kindly have I entreated them;—grasp'd them by the hand;—give me but a single day!—All in vain.—What are prayers, oaths, tears to them;—they touch not the scaly armour of an impenetrable heart!—

Enter Spiegelberg with Letters.

SPIEGELBERG.

A plague consume it! One stroke after another! Damnation! What thinkest thou, Moor? It drives one to madness!—

MOOR.

What is the matter now?

SPIEGELBERG.

The matter!—read—read it yourself.—Our trade's at an end;—peace proclaimed in Germany *;—the devil confune those priests!

MOOR.

* The action of this play is supposed to have passed in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, (grandfather of Charles V.) who in 1506 procured

MOOR.

Peace in Germany !

SPIEGELBERG.

'Tis enough to make a man hang himself:--Club-law is gone for ever:--All fighting prohibited, on pain of death:--Death and fury ! Moor, go hang yourself!--Pens must scribble, where swords hack'd before !

MOOR.

(*Throws away his sword.*) Then let cowards rule, and men throw by their arms.--Peace in Germany ! Germany, this news has blasted thee for ever ! Goose-quills for swords:—No, I wont think of it ! Must this free spirit bend to that restraint ? this will be chained by their curst laws?—Peace in Germany ! Curse on that peace, that would confine to earth the flight of an eagle.—Did peace ever make a great man?—'Tis war that makes the hero!—O, if the spirit of Arminius * were yet alive in his ashes!—Place me but at the head of a troop of men like myself, and out of Germany, beyond her limits.—No, no, no ! It will not do.—'Tis all over with her,—her hour is come ! Not an atom of spirit, not a free pulse in the posterity of *Barbarossa*!—Here, I bid adieu to all noble enterprise,—and seek once more my native peaceful fields !

SPIEGELBERG.

What the devil ! you'll play the prodigal son upon us?—A fellow like you, who has made more gashes

B 2

with

cured that great enactment of the Imperial Diet, which established a perpetual peace between all the different States that compose the Germanic body. Before his time, they were constantly at war with each other, a state of society favourable to every species of depredation and outrage.

* Prince of the Cherusci, who withheld the whole power of the Romans in the time of Augustus, defeated Varus and his legions, and uniting the Germanic tribes, nobly asserted the liberty and independence of his country.

with his sword, than an attorney's clerk has written lines in a leap year ! Fie, fie ! shame upon it ! Misfortune shall never make a coward of a *man* !

MOOR.

Maurice !—I will ask pardon of my father, and think it no shame ! Call it weakness, if you please--it is the weakness of a man ;--and he who feels it not, must be either above humanity—or below it.—I steer the middle course.

SPIEGELBERG.

Go then ! I know thee no longer for Moor ! Have you forgot how many thousand times, with the glass in your hand, you scoff'd at the old miser?—" Let him "scrape and hoard as he will—I'll drink the more for "it."—Have you forgot that, Moor ?—That was spoke like a man—like a gentleman—but now—

MOOR.

Curse on you for that remembrance ! May I be curs'd for ever having uttered it !—'Twas the speech of intoxication—my heart abhor'd what my tongue exprested.

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Shaking his head.*) No, no—that's impossible—impossible, brother.—Confess that it is necessity that makes thee talk thus.—Come man, never fear ! let things be ever so bad.—The more peril the more courage ; the more they crush us, the higher we'll rise.—If the fates throw bars in our way, 'tis to make heroes of us.—Come along !

MOOR.

(*Peevishly.*) In my opinion, there's little occasion now for courage—when there's nothing to be done with it.

SPIEGELBERG.

SPIEGELBERG.

So!—You would then give up the game—bury your talents in the earth?—Do you think our poultry exploits at Leipzick were the limits of human genius? Let us launch into the great world—Paris and London for me! There, if you give one the title of *honest man*, he knocks you down for it.—There a man has some pleasure in the trade—'tis on a grand scale.—What do you stare at?—Such charming counterfeiting of hands, loading of dice, picking of locks, gutting of strong boxes!—Ay, Spiegelberg must be your master! Let the poor dog be hanged who chuses to starve rather than crook his fingers!

MOOR.

(Ironically.)—What, have you got that length?

SPIEGELBERG.

You mistrust me I think.—Stay till I get warm'd in the business, and you'll see wonders.—Your shallow brains will turn in your head when you hear the projects I shall form. (*Striking the table.*) *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.*—You shall all be jealous of me.

MOOR.

(*Looking at him stedfastly.*) Maurice!

SPIEGELBERG.

(Warmly.) Yes, jealous of me—madly jealous, you, and all of you.—I will invent such plans as shall confound every one of you.—How the light breaks in!—What great ideas dawn upon my mind—What giant-projects formed in this creative brain?—Curs'd lethargy of the soul! (*Striking his head.*) that chain'd my better judgment, cramp'd all my strength of mind—ruin'd all my prospects—I am now awake—I feel what

I am, what I must yet be.—Go leave me—you shall all be indebted to my bounty for your support !

MOOR.

You are a fool ! The wine has got into your head !
'Tis that makes you bluster so.

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Still more animated.*) Spiegelberg, they will say, Art thou a magician, Spiegelberg ?—What a pity, Spiegelberg, says the King, thou wert not a general, thou would'st have made the Turks creep into their holes like rats.—Now I think I hear the Doctors say, what a loss it is this man had not been bred to physic ;—he would have found out the *Elixir vitae*. Ah, had he turned his thoughts to finance, say your *Sullys*, what a figure would he have made ;—he would have changed the very stones into gold.—The name of Spiegelberg shall fly from pole to pole ! And you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, ye shall crawl in the dirt, while Spiegelberg shall soar to the temple of glory, with an eagle's flight!—

MOOR.

A good journey to you ! soar away to the pinnacle of glory—from the top of the gallows !—In the shade of my paternal woods, in the arms of my Amelia, I court far nobler pleasures.—'Tis now eight days since I have written to my father to entreat his pardon. I have not concealed from him the smallest circumstance of my misconduct ; and sincere repentance will ever find forgiveness.—Maurice, let us part—part never to meet again—the post is arrived—at this very hour my father's pardon is within these walls.

Enter Switzer, Grimm, Roller, and Schufterle.

ROLLER.

Do you know, that there is a search for us ?

GRIMM,

GRIMM.

That every moment we may expect to be apprehended?

MOOR.

I am not surprised at it,—nor do I care how matters go.—Have none of you seen Razman? Did he speak of no letters that he had for me?

ROLLER.

I suppose he has some, for he has been looking for you a long time.

MOOR.

Where is he? Where, where? (*Is going out.*)

ROLLER.

Stay, we desired him to be at this place. You tremble, Sir?

MOOR.

I do not tremble.—What should I tremble for? Friends, this letter,—rejoice with me,—I am the happiest of men! Tremble! why should I tremble?—(*Switzer sits down in Spiegelberg's place, and drinks his wine.*)

Enter Razman.

MOOR.

(*Running up to him.*) The letter! where is the letter?

RAZMAN.

(*Giving him a letter, which he opens with eagerness.*) What now? Why, you seem petrified!

MOOR.

My brother's hand!

ROLLER.

What the devil is Spiegelberg about there?

GRIMM.

The fellow's out of his sences;—he's playing tricks like a monkey;---he has got St Vitus's dance.

SCHUFTERLE.

SCHUFTERLE.

His wits are a-wool-gathering:—He's making verses,
I suppose.

ROLLER.

Spiegelberg! hey, Spiegelberg!—The beast does not
hear me.—

GRIMM.

(*Shaking him by the shoulder.*) Hallo! fellow, are
you in a dream?

SPIEGELBERG.

(Who all this time had been making gestures on his seat,
like a man who is conceiving some great project, starts up
with a wild aspect, and seizes Switzer by the throat.)

Your purse, or your life!

(Switzer, with great coolness, drives him against the
wall.—All laugh. Moor lets fall the letter, and is going
out in distraction.—The rest keep silence for a while, and
look at each other.)

ROLLER.

(Stopping him.) Moor, Where are you going?—
What's the matter, Moor?

GRIMM.

What can be the matter?—He's as pale as a
corpse.—

MOOR.

Lost! lost for ever! (*Rushes out.*)

GRIMM.

He must have got strange news.—Let's see what it
can be!

ROLLER.

(Takes up the letter and reads.) “Unfortunate bro-
“ther,” A pleasant beginning! “I am sorry to inform
“you, that you have nothing more to hope for.—Your
“father

" father says, you may go wherever your evil genius
 " shall direct you:—He gives you up to perdition.
 " He bids me tell you, that though you were to
 " come in tears, and cling to his knees, you need
 " not hope for pardon;—that you may expect a dun-
 " geon of the castle for your apartment, and bread and
 " water for your sustenance, till your bristly hairs
 " outgrow the feathers of an eagle, and your nails
 " the claws of a vulture. These are his very words.—
 " He orders me to stop here,—to bid you an eternal
 " adieu.—I pity you from my soul."

" FRANCIS DE MOORE"

SWITZER.

There's a pretty, sweet, little brother for you!—
 And this vermin is called Francis?

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Sneaking forwards.*) Bread and water, was that the word!—A fine life indeed! No, I shall find a better for you than that.—Didn't I always tell you, that I must scheme for you?

SWITZER.

What does that blockhead say? This ass pretends to think for us all.

SPIEGELBERG.

Poor creatures! poor, lame, helpless animals! No hearts have you to attempt any thing that's great!

ROLLER.

Well, so we are—you are quite right.—But what do you propose for our relief!—What's your plan for raising us from this pitiful state? Come, give it us!

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Laughing with self-conceit.*) Poor things! to raise you from this pitiful state—Ha, ha, ha! Pitiful indeed!

I thought

I thought you had a thimble-full of brains at least,
You have made a fine cavalcade, and now you may fla-
ble your horses ! Spiegelberg were an ass indeed, if he
did not know his own course ! I would make heroes of
you—barons, princes, demigods !

RAZMAN.

Why, that's pretty well to begin with.—This is some
break-neck enterprise, I dare engage—something that
will cost a head or two at least.

SPIEGELBERG.

Not your head, I'll answer for it.—There's nothing
wanting but courage ?—As for the genius, the contri-
vance, I take that all upon myself.—Courage, I say !
Switzer, courage ! Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schufterle
—Courage is the word !

SWITZER.

Courage ! if that were all, I have enough to go bare-
foot through hell !

RAZMAN.

Courage ! I could fight the devil in his own shape,
for a thief's body under the gallows !

SPIEGELBERG.

That's what I like ! Well, if you have courage, let
any one of you step forward, and say, " I have some-
" thing yet to lose—I am not quite thread-bare." (Af-
ter a long pause.) What, not a word among you ?

ROLLER.

What's the use of all this palaver ?—If we have sense
to comprehend the business, and courage to execute it,
speak it out ?

SPIEGELBERG.

Well then, hearkee ! (*He places himself in the middle
of them, and with a solemn tone of adjuration.*) If there

is

is a drop of German blood—of the blood of heroes, in your veins—come!—let us betake ourselves to the forests of Bohemia—form a troop of robbers, and — What do you stare at? Is your little flash of courage out already?

ROLLER.

You are not the first rogue indeed who has set the gallows at defiance—and yet—what choice is left us?

SPIEGELBERG.

What choice?—Why, you have no choice.—Would you chuse to take up your abode in the dungeon for debtors, and spin hemp till you are bailed by the last trumpet—or would you gain your miserable morsel of bread with the spade and mattock? Would you beg an alms with a doleful tale under a window?—or would you enlist for recruits?—that's to say, if your hang-dog visages did not betray you—and submit to the torments of purgatory, at the pleasure of an overbearing scoundrelly corporal—to run the gantlope, and dance to the music of the drum; or be chained like a galley-slave to a train of artillery?—There's what you have to chuse upon—a charming catalogue of delightful occupations!

ROLLER.

You are the prince of orators, Spiegelberg, when you want to make an honest man a scoundrel.—But say, gentlemen, what's become of Moor?

SPIEGELBERG.

Honest man, say you? Will you be the less an honest man, if you follow my advice, than you are at present? What do you call honest? To ease the miser of a part of his load, and give him sound sleep and golden dreams for it; to bring the stagnating metal into circulation, to regulate

regulate the unequal balance of fortunes—in short, to bring back the golden age—to rid Providence of a burden, and save Him the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine, and physic, among us;—to have the proud thought when you sit down to your meal, This is the fruit of my own ingenuity—this was gained by the courage of a lion—or this the reward of my watchful nights—to draw the respect of all ranks and conditions.—

ROLLER.

And lastly, to enjoy the beatitude of translation into heaven, bodily, and alive; to set storm, and tempest, and Time himself at defiance, to soar away under the sun, moon, and stars, with the sweet birds in concert around you; and while kings and potentates are the food of worms, to have the honour of frequent visits from the royal bird of Jove. Maurice, Maurice, have a care of yourself; beware of the beast that has three legs.

SPIEGELBERG.

And you are afraid of that, you pitiful animal? Many a noble fellow, fit to have reformed the world, has rotted between heaven and earth. And does not the renown of such men live for centuries?—ay for a millenium;—while the vulgar herd of kings and princes would be overlooked in the catalogue, but that the historian finds it necessary to complete his genealogical tree, and swell the number of his pages, for which his bookseller pays him by the sheet.—Ay! and when the traveller sees him dangling in the wind,—there, says he, muttering to himself, that man had no water in his brains, I'll warrant him,—and curses the hardship of the times.

RAZMAN.

Great and masterly, by Heaven!—Spiegelberg, thou hast a charm, like Orpheus, to lull the yelling Cerberus, conscience.—Take me to yourself;—I am yours for ever.

GRIMM.

Ay, and let them call it infamy.—What then? At the worst, 'tis but carrying a small dose of powder in our pocket, which will send us quietly over Styx,—to take a nap in that country where no cocks will crow to waken us.—Courage, Maurice!—that's Grimm's confession of faith. (*Gives him his hand.*)

SCHUFTERLE.

—Zounds! What a hurly-burly's in this head of mine. It's a fair auction:—Mountebanks, Lotteries,—Alchymists,—Pickpockets,—you have all your chance;—and he that offers most, shall have me.—Give me your hand, cousin.

SWITZER.

(*Comes forward slowly, and gives his hand to Spiegelberg.*) Maurice, thou art a great man;—or rather—the blind sow has smelt out the mast.

ROLLER.

(*After a long silence, with his eyes fixed on Switzer.*) What, And you too, my friend—give me your hand.—Roller and Switzer for ever;—ay, to the pit of hell!

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Cuts a caper.*) Up to the stars, my boys! A free course to your Cæsars and your Catilines.—Courage! Off with your glasses.—Here's a health to the god Mercury!

All (*drinking.*) Here he goes!

SPIEGELBERG.

THE ROBBERS.

SPIEGELBERG.

Now, for busineſs ! A twelvemonth hence we ſhall be able to buy earldoms.

SWITZER.

(Muttering.) Yes, if we are not broke on the wheel.
(They are going off.)

ROLLER.

Softly, my boys, softly,—where are you going?—The beast muſt have a head to its body.—Rome and Sparta could never have ſtood without a chief to command them.

SPIEGELBERG.

(In a tone of complacence.) Yes,—very right.—Roller ſpeaks to the purpose;—we muſt have a chief,—a man of talents, great reach, a politic head.—Ha, ha ! (Standing with his arms across.) When I think what you were a few minutes ago, and what a ſingle lucky thought has made of you now.—Yes, truly you muſt have a chief;—and you'll own, that he that ſtruck out a thought of that kind had a head-piece,—wise, crafty, politic.—

ROLLER.

If there was any hope,—any chance that,—but I deſpair of his confeſt.

SPIEGELBERG.

(Cajoling.) Why deſpair, my friend;—diſſicult as it may be to guide the ſhip when ſhe's buffeted by the winds and waves, and however cumbersome may be the weight of a diadem,—ſpeak it out boldly, my boy.—Perhaps—he may be prevailed upon.

ROLLER.

It will be all children's play if he's not our leader.—Without Moor, we are a body without a ſoul.

SPIEGELBERG.

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Turning aside peevishly.*) Blockhead !
Enter Moor, with wild gestures, stalks backwards and forwards, speaking to himself.

MOOR.

Men !—Men ! false ! treacherous crocodiles ! Your eyes are water ! your hearts are iron ! kisses on your lips ! and poniards in your bosom ! The lion and the panther feed their whelps—the raven strips the carrion to bring to her young ; and he—he !—Whatever malice can devise I have learnt to bear—I could smile when my enemy drinks of my heart's blood.—But when a father's love becomes a fury's hate—O then, let fire rage here where once was humanity !—the tender-hearted lamb become a tyger—and every fibre of this tortured frame be rack'd—to ruin and despair !

ROLLER.

Hearkee, Moor—what's your opinion—Is n't the life of a robber better than starving in a dungeon on bread and water ?

MOOR.

Why did not this soul inhabit the tyger's bosom, that satiates his maw on human flesh !—Was that a father's kindness !—Love for love !—Would I were a bear of the North, and could arm my ravenous kind against those murderers !—To repent, and not to be forgiven !—Oh ! I could poison the ocean, that they might drink death in every source !—I trusted to his compassion—relied on it wholly—and found no pity !

ROLLER.

Hear me, Moor, hear what I say !

MOOR.

It is incredible—all a dream.—So earnest a request,
a picture

THE ROBBERS.

a picture of misery so strong—contrition so sincere!—the most savage beast would have melted to compassion.—stones would have wept; yet he—If I should publish it to the world, it would not be believed—'twould be thought a libel on the human species; and yet—Oh! that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through all nature, and summon heaven, earth, and seas, to war against this savage race!

GRIMM.

Do you hear, Moor! This frenzy makes him deaf!

MOOR.

Begone! fly.—Is not your name man? Was not you born of woman? Out of my sight, with that human face!—I loved him with such unutterable affection.—No son ever loved a father so! I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him. (*Stamping with fury.*) Ha! where is he that will put a sword in my hand, to extinguish with one mortal blow this viperous race!—that will teach me where to strike, that I might destroy the germ of existence!—Oh! he were my friend, my angel, my god!—I would fall down and worship him!

ROLLER.

We will be such friends—let us but speak to you.

GRIMM.

Come with us to the forests of Bohemia—we'll form a troop of robbers—and then—(*Moor stares at him.*)—

SWITZER.

Thou shalt be our Captain!—Thou *must* be our Captain

SPIEGELBERG.

(*Sits down in rage.*) Slaves and poltroons!

MOOR.

MOOR.

Who put that thought in your head? tell me, firrah!

(Seizing Roller with a rough grasp.) That man's heart of thine never conceived the project! Who put it in your head?—Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that we will—that we shall do! 'Tis a thought worthy of a divinity!—Robbers and assassins—as my soul lives, I will be your Captain!

ALL.

(With a loud shout.) Long live the Captain!

SPIEGELBERG.

(Aside.) Till I give him his mittimus!

MOOR.

So now!—The scales drop from my eyes! What a fool I was to think of returning to my cage! My soul thirsts for action, my spirit pants for liberty!—Robbers and assassins! with those words I set all laws at defiance!—Man had no humanity when I appealed to humanity! Pity and compassion! here let me throw you off for ever!—I have no father—no affection more! Come, Death and Murder be my masters! and teach me to forget that this heart e'er knew what fondness was! Come to my soul, ye fiends! Now for some horrible exploit.—'Tis resolved, I am your Captain,—and glory to him who most shall murder and destroy—he shall have a king's reward.—Here, stand around in a circle, and swear to be true to me till death!

ALL.

(Giving him their hands.) Till death! (Spiegelberg walks aside dissatisfied.)

MOOR.

And now, by this man's right hand, (Stretching out his hand.) I swear to be your faithful commander—till

C

death! .

THE ROBBERS.

death! Now, by my soul, I'll make a corpse of him who first shews fear among you! And when I break this oath, be such my fate from you!—Are you agreed?

ALL.

(*Throwing their hats in the air.*) We're all agreed
—(*Spiegelberg grins a malicious smile.*)

MOOR.

Then let us go! Fear neither danger nor death—our destiny has long been fixed, unalterable—and each shall meet his end as fate decrees—on the down bed, or in the bloody field—the gibbet, or the wheel—one of these deaths we die for certain!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SPIEGELBERG.

The catalogue's defective! you have forgot treason!

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE, MOOR's CASTLE.

FRANCIS DE MOOR alone in his apartment.

I'VE lost all patience with these doctors.—An old man's life is an eternity.—Must my noble plans creep the snail's pace of a dotard's lingering hours of life? If one could point a new track for death to enter the fort!—*If to tear the soul could kill the body!*—Ay, that were something! an original invention!—He that should make that discovery were a second Columbus in the empire of death!—Think on that, Moor.—'Twere an art worthy to have thee for its inventor!—How then shall we begin the work?—What horrible emotion would have the force to break at once the thread of life? *Rage?* No! that hungry wolf surfeits himself, and regorges his meal! *Grief?* That's a worm thatingers in the flesh, and mines his way too slowly!—*Terror?* No! hope blunts his dart, and will not let him strike his prey!—What! are these our only executioners? Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? Hum!—hum! (*Musing.*) What now?—No more?—Ha! I have it! *Terror* is the word!—What is proof against Terror? Reason, religion, hope—all must give way before this giant fiend!—And then—should he even bear the shock—there's more behind.—*Anguish of mind*, come aid the imperfect work!—*Repentance*, gnaw-

ing viper of the soul—monster that ruminatest thy baneful food!—And thou *Remorse!* that livest on thy mother's flesh, and wast' st thine own inheritance!—And you, even you, ye powers of Grace and Mercy! give your aid! Ye blissful years o'erpast, display your charms to memory's fond retrospect, and poison with your sweets the present hour!—Ye scenes of future bliss, combine to wound—shew him the joys of paradise before him, and hold the dazzling mirror out to hope, but cheat his feeble grasp!—Thus let me play my battery of death—stroke after stroke incessant—till nature's mould is broken—and the whole troop of furies seize the soul, and end their work by horror and despair!—Triumphant thought!—So now—the plan's my own! Now for the work!

Enter Herman.

Ha! *Deus ex machinâ!* Herman!

HERMAN.

Herman, at your service, good Sir!

FRANCIS.

(*Gives him his hand.*) I am much obliged to you, Herman. I am not ungrateful.

HERMAN.

I have proofs of that, Sir.

FRANCIS.

You shall have more anon—anon, good Herman!—I have something to say to you, Herman.

HERMAN.

I hear you with a thousand ears!

FRANCIS.

I know you well—you're resolute and brave—you have a soldier's heart!—My father, Herman—by heavens, he wrong'd you much!

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

By hell, I won't forget it !

FRANCIS.

That's spoken like a man ! Revenge becomes a man !
I like you, Herman ! Here, take this purse !—It
should be heavier, were I the master here.

HERMAN.

Good Sir, I thank you heartily.—'Tis my most ear-
nest wish you were so.

FRANCIS.

Say you so, good Herman ? Do you really,—do you
in your heart wish me to be the master ?—But my fa-
ther,—he has the marrow of a lion in his bones ; and
I am but a younger son.—

HERMAN.

I wish you were the elder,—and he in the last stage
of a consumption.

FRANCIS.

Ha ! were that the case, the eldest son would not
forget you, my friend.—Then would he raise you from
the dust ; from that low condition which so ill be-
comes your merits,—nay, your birth :—he would draw
you forth into light :—Then should you roll in gold,
—a splendid equipage ;—then would,—but I have
wandered from what I meant to say.—Have you quite
forgot the fair Edelreich, Herman ?

HERMAN.

Thunder of Heaven ! Why have you called up that
idea ?

FRANCIS.

You lost her.—'Twas my brother that was the con-
jurer there.—

HERMAN.

He shall pay dearly for it.

FRANCIS.

She dismissed you, I believe,—and he thrust you down stairs.—

HERMAN.

I shall thrust him down to hell for that.

FRANCIS.

He used to say, 'twas whispered, that your father never could look at you, without smiting his breast, and crying "God-a-mercy on my sins!"

HERMAN.

(*Furiously.*) Lightning blast him!—Stop there!

FRANCIS.

He advised you to sell your patent of nobility to mend your stockings.

HERMAN.

Hell consume him! I'll tear his eyes out with these nails.—

FRANCIS.

What! you are exasperated at him.—Poor Herman! What signifies your malice? What harm can you do to him? What can a rat do to a lion?—Your rage but makes his triumph the sweeter:—You have nothing for it but to grind your teeth in silence,—to spend your fury in gnawing at a dry crust.

HERMAN.

(*Stamping with his feet.*) I'll crush him,—trample him beneath my feet!

FRANCIS.

(*Clapping him on the shoulder.*) Well said, Herman! You are a gentleman.—This affront must not be put up with.—You would not renounce the lady? No, not for

for the world.—Fire and fury ! I would move heaven and earth if I were in your place !

HERMAN.

I will not rest till I have him under my feet.

FRANCIS.

Not quite so outrageous, Herman.—Come near,— thou shalt have Amelia.

HERMAN.

I'll have her ! in spite of hell, I'll have her !

FRANCIS.

You shall have her, I tell you,—and from my hand.—Come near !—You don't know perhaps that Charles is as good as disinherited.

HERMAN.

(Coming near.) Impossible ! I never heard a syllable of that.

FRANCIS.

Be quiet and hear me !—Another time I'll tell you more of this.—It's now eleven months since he has been in a manner banished.—But the old man begins to repent a little of the precipitate step he has taken ; though (*smiling*) I flatter myself it was not all his own doing neither ;—and the girl too,—Amelia I mean,—pursues him incessantly with her tears and reproaches.—He'll be sending in quest of him by and by all over the world ; and if he is found, good night to you, Herman !—You may then make your obeisance, and humbly open the coach-door when he goes to church with her.

HERMAN.

I'll strangle him at the altar !

FRANCIS.

His father will soon give up his estates to him, and live in retirement at his solitary castle.—Then that proud hot-

hot-headed blusterer will have the reins in his own hand,—and laugh his enemies to scorn;—and I, Herman, I who would make a man of you, and load you with riches,—I myself must make my humble obeisance at his door.—

HERMAN.

(*Warmly.*) No, as sure as my name is Herman, that shall never be! If there is a spark of invention in this head, that shall never be.

FRANCIS.

Will you prevent it? You too, my dear Herman, must sink beneath his scourge.—He'll spit in your face when he meets you in the streets; and woe be to you, if you but shrug a shoulder, or crook your mouth at him!—Ay—there's the amount of all your fine prospects, your hopes of love, your mighty plans.—

HERMAN.

(*Eagerly.*) Tell me then what I must do.

FRANCIS.

Hear then, Herman! You see how I enter into your feelings like a true friend.—Go, change your cloaths—disguise yourself, so as not to be known—get yourself announced to the old man as one that is just returned from Hungary—give out, that you was with my brother at the last battle, and that you was present when he breathed his last upon the field! —

HERMAN.

Will they believe me?

FRANCIS.

Pho! let me alone for that.—Take this packet—Here you'll find a commission, and all the necessary documents, that would convince suspicion itself of the truth of your story.—Only be quick in getting out, and take care you are

are not seen.—Slip out by the back door into the court, and thence over the garden-wall.—As for the winding up of the plot, leave that to me !

HERMAN.

And then it will be, “ Long live our new master, our “ noble Lord, Francis de Moor !”

FRANCIS.

(*Putting him on the cheek.*) Ha! what a cunning rogue you are—you see it at the first glance ! For look—ye how sure and how quick the project works—Amelia’s hopes are gone at once—The old man lays his son’s death at his own door—he falls sick—A tottering house does not need an earthquake to bring it down—He’ll never outlive your intelligence—Then—then I am his only son—Amelia has lost every support, and is the plaything of my will—Then you may easily guess what follows—you—in short all goes to a wish.—But you must not flinch from your word !

HERMAN.

Flinch ! did you say?—The ball might as soon fly back to the cannon!—you may depend on me. Farewell.

FRANCIS.

(*Running after him.*) Reinember, ’tis all for yourself you are working. (*Follows him with his eyes to the end of the stage—and then breaks out into an infernal laugh.*) Keen, earnest, to a wish!—How impetuously the blockhead throws off his honesty, to snatch at an object, that the smallest spark of common sense must convince him he can never attain. (*Peevishly.*) No—that’s unpardonable ! This fellow is an arrant knave—and yet he trusts to one’s promise.—It costs him nothing to deceive an honest man—and yet when deceived himself he

never

never will forgive it.—Is this the boasted lord of the creation ! Pardon me, Dame Nature ! if I owe you a grudge for that form you have given me.—Complete your work by stripping me of every vestige of humanity.—Man ! thou hast forfeited all my regard—nor in my conscience do I think there is the smallest crime in doing all I can to injure thee !

[Exit.]

S C E N E, *Count de Moor's Bed-chamber.*

The Count *asleep*, Amelia.

AMELIA.

Softly,—oh softly,—he is asleep. (*She stops and looks at him.*) How good ! how venerable !—Such is the countenance with which they paint the blessed saints !—Angry with thee ! Oh no !—with that gray head ! Oh never, never ! (*She scatters roses upon the bed.*)—Sweet be thy slumber, as the roses sweet perfume. May the image of Charles visit you in your dreams ! May you awake in a bed of roses !—I too will go sleep amidst perfumes ;—mine is the Rosemary. (*She goes a few steps.*)

OLD MOOR.

(*In his sleep.*) My Charles ! my Charles ! my Charles !

AMELIA.

Hark ! His guardian angel has heard my prayer ! (*Coming near him.*) 'Tis sweet to breathe the air in which his name was uttered.—I'll stay here.

OLD MOOR.

(*Still in his sleep.*) Are you there ? Are you truly there ?

there? Ah! do not look so pitifully upon me!—I am miserable enough already! (*He stirs restlessly.*)

AMELIA.

(*Wakens him hastily.*) Uncle! my dear uncle!—'Twas but a dream!

OLD MOOR.

(*Half awake.*) Was he not there? Had I not his hand in mine?—Is not this the smell of roses? O hateful Francis, will you not let me dream of him?

AMELIA.

(*Drawing back.*) Mark'st thou that, Amelia!

OLD MOOR.

(*Wakens.*) Where am I?—Are you here, my niece?

AMELIA.

You had a delightful sleep, uncle.

OLD MOOR.

I was dreaming of my Charles.—Why did they break my dreams?—I might have had my pardon from his mouth.

AMELIA.

(*Passionately.*) His pardon! Angels have no resentment. He forgives you, uncle. (*Pressing his hand.*) Father of my Charles, I forgive you too.

OLD MOOR.

No, no, my child,—that wan cheek,—that deadly pale bears witness,—in spite of thee! Poor girl!—I have blasted all the promise of thy spring,—thy joys of youth.—Don't forgive me,—but oh, do not curse me!

AMELIA.

Can there be a curse of love*?—Here it is then, my father. (*Kisses his hand with tenderness.*)

OLD

* GERM. *Die liebe hat nur einen fluch gelernt.* Love has learnt but one curse.

THE ROBBERS.

OLD MOOR.

(*Rising from the bed.*) What's here, my child? Ros'es? Did you strew these roses here? On me?—On me, who killed your Charles?

AMELIA.

I strew'd them on his father! (*Falling on his neck.*) No more on him can I strew them!

OLD MOOR.

With what delight would'st thou have done so!—And yet, my child, unknowingly 'tis done;—for see,—know you that picture? (*Drawing aside the curtain of the bed.*)

AMELIA.

(*Rushing towards the picture.*) 'Tis Charles!

OLD MOOR.

Such was he in his sixteenth year.—But now how changed!—I shudder to think upon it.—That sweet-ness, now fell misanthropy—that smile, despair!—Is't not so, Amelia?—It was upon his birth-day—in the bower of jessamine, that you drew that picture of him.

AMELIA.

O, never will I forget that day!—Past and gone for ever! He sat just before me—a ray of the setting sun shone full upon his face—and his dark locks floated carelessly on his neck! O, in that hour 'twas all the woman here—the artist was forgot—the pencil fell from my hand—and my trembling lips fed, in imagination, on every line and track of that dear countenance!—My heart was full of the original.—The weak, inanimate touches fell feebly on the canvas—languid as those faint traces which the memory bears of music that is past*!—

OLD

* GERM. *Gefrîche adagio.* Soft music of yesterday.

OLD MOOR.

Say on! continue thus! these images bring back past time.—O my child, I was so happy in your loves!

AMELIA.

(*Keeping her eyes still on the picture.*) No, no—it is not he!—no, no, by heaven! 'Tis not my Charles!—Here! (*Striking her heart and her forehead,*) Here he is quite himself—so like—but there so different.—The pencil can give no idea of that soul that spoke in his countenance!—Away with it—'tis a poor image—an ordinary man!—Oh! I was a mere novice in the art!

Enter Daniel.

DANIEL.

There is a man without who wishes to see you, Sir. He says he brings tidings of importance.

OLD MOOR.

To me, Amelia, there is but one subject of such tidings—you know it.—Perhaps 'tis some poor wretch who comes to me for charity—for relief—he shall not go hence in sorrow.

[*Exit Daniel.*

AMELIA.

A beggar!—and he is let in at once!

OLD MOOR.

Amelia! Oh spare me, my child!

Enter Francis, Herman in disguise, and Daniel.

FRANCIS.

Here is the man, Sir.—He says he has terrible news for you.—Can you bear to hear it, Sir?

OLD MOOR.

I know but one thing terrible to hear.—Speak it out, friend.—Give him some wine there.

HERMAN.

(*In a feigned voice.*) Will your honour take no offence

fence at a poor man because he brings you bad news?—'tis against his will. I am a stranger in this country—but I know you well: you are the father of Charles de Moor.

OLD MOOR.

How know you that?

HERMAN.

I knew your son—

AMELIA.

Is he alive?—is he alive?—Do you know him?—Where is he?—where, where? (*running forward.*)

OLD MOOR.

Do you know my son?

HERMAN.

He studied at the university of Leipzick.—Whither he went from thence I know not.—He wandered all over Germany bare headed and bare footed, as he told me himself, and begg'd his bread from door to door!—About five months afterwards that terrible war broke out between the Poles and Turks—and being quite desperate, he followed the victorious army of King Matthias to the town of Pesth.—Give me leave, said he to the King, to die on the bed of heroes!—I have no father now!—

OLD MOOR.

O do not look at me, Amelia!

HERMAN.

He got a pair of colours—he followed Matthias in his victories;—he and I slept in the same tent—often did he speak of his old father—of the days of his former happiness—and of his blasted hopes—till his eyes ran over at the thought!—

• OLD

OLD MOOR.

(*Hiding his head.*) Enough, enough,—no more!—

HERMAN.

Eight days afterwards, we had a hot engagement.—Your son behaved like a gallant soldier.—He did prodigies that day,—as the whole army witnessed;—he saw five regiments successively relieved, and he kept his ground. A whole shower of fire was poured in on every quarter.—Your son kept his ground;—a ball shattered his right hand;—he seized the colours with the left, and still he kept his ground.—

AMELIA.

(*In transports.*) He kept his ground, father! he kept his ground!

HERMAN.

On the evening of the day of battle, I found him lying on the field,—on that same spot.—With his left hand he was stopping the blood that flowed from a large wound. He had buried his right hand in the earth.—Fellow soldier, said he, I am told that the General has fallen an hour ago.—He is fallen, said I, and you—Well then! said he,—every brave soldier ought to follow his General.—He took his hand from the wound;—and in a few moments—he breathed his last—like a hero.

FRANCIS.

(*Pretending rage.*) Curs'd be that tongue!—May it be dumb for ever.—Wretch! Are you come here, to be my father's executioner?—to murder him?—My father! Amelia! My dear father!

HERMAN.

It was the last request of my dying friend.—Take this sword, said he, in a faltering voice,—carry it to

my

my old father.—It is marked with the blood of his son.—Tell him, his malediction was my doom ;—’twas that which made me rush on battle, and on death.—I die in despair.—The last word he uttered was,—*Amelia.*

AMELIA.

(As if starting from a deep reverie.) The last word was *Amelia!*

OLD MOOR.

(With a dreadful shriek, and tearing his hair.) My malediction was his death ! He died in despair !

HERMAN.

Here is the sword,—and here a picture that he took from his bosom at the same time.—Methinks it is this lady’s picture.—This, said he, my brother Francis will —What more he would have said, I know not.

FRANCIS.

(With astonishment.) To me, that picture ? To me ? *Amelia* to me ?

AMELIA.

(Coming up to Herman with fury.) Impostor ! Villain, base, hired, perfidious villain ! (Seizes him rudely.)

HERMAN.

Madam, I know nothing of it.—Look at it yourself :—See whether it is your picture :—Perhaps you gave it him yourself.

FRANCIS.

By heavens ! *Amelia*, ’tis your picture ! Yours, as I live !

AMELIA.

(Giving it back.) ’Tis mine !—O heaven and earth !

OLD MOOR.

(With an agonizing cry.) Oh ! My malediction was his death ! He died in despair !

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

He thought of me in the last moment of existence :—
Of me !—Blessed spirit,—when the hand of death was
on him !—

OLD MOOR.

'Twas I that gave him my curse ! he died by my
hand !—he died in despair !—

HERMAN.

(With real emotion, and much agitated.) I cannot
stand it ! This sight of misery unmans me ! My Lord,
farewel.—(Aside to Francis.) Have you a heart ?
How could you do this ?

[Exit hastily.

AMELIA.

(Running after him.) Stay, stay ! what was his last
word ?

HERMAN.

(Coming back.) With his last breath, he sigh'd A-
melia !

[Exit.

AMELIA.

Amelia ! with his last sigh !—No, thou art no im-
postor—it is true—alas, too true ! He is dead ! my
Charles is dead !

FRANCIS.

What do I see ? What is that upon the sword ?—
written in blood—Amelia !

AMELIA.

With his blood ?

FRANCIS.

Am I in a dream ? or is it really so ?—Look at these
characters—they are traced in blood : “ *Francis, do not*
“ *abandon my Amelia !* ” See again—see here, on the
other side, “ *Amelia, all powerful death has freed you*

D

“ *from*

"from your vows!" Do you mark that? With his dying hand he traced it—he wrote it with his heart's blood—yes, on the awful brink of eternity he wrote it!

AMELIA.

Almighty God! it is his hand.—Oh! he never loved me!

[Exit.]

FRANCIS.

Damnation! he has a heart of adamant! thus buffeted, and yet unbroken—all my art is lost upon him!—

OLD MOOR.

O misery! My child, my daughter, do not abandon me! (*To Francis.*) Wretch! give me back my son!

FRANCIS.

Who was it that gave him his malediction?—who was it that made him rush on battle and on death?—who drove him to despair?—Oh! he was a charming youth! a curse upon his murderers!

OLD MOOR.

(*Beating his breast and forehead.*) A curse! a curse! curse on the father who murdered his own son! I am that cursed father! He loved *me*, even in death! To expiate my vengeance, he rush'd on battle and on death!—Monster that I am! Oh monster!

FRANCIS.

(*With malignant irony.*) He's dead—what signifies this idle lamentation.—'Tis easier to murder a man than to bring him to life again!

OLD MOOR.

Wretch! it was you who made me throw him off,—who forced that malediction from my heart!—'Twas you!—you!—O give me back my son!

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

Rouse not my fury.—I abandon you in death!

OLD MOOR.

Monster! inhuman monster! give me back my son!
(He rises furiously, and endeavours to seize Francis by the throat, who runs out.) Ten thousand curses on thy head!
 Thou hast robb'd me of my only son! *(He sinks down.)*
 Oh! oh!—to be in despair—and not to die!—They abandon me in death.—Is my good angel fled?—Yes! every angel must desert the murderer—the hoary murderer!—Oh! oh! will none for pity hold this head—will none release this spirit—no son! no daughter! no friend!—Is there to be found not one kind—Oh! despair—and not to die! *(He faints.)*

AMELIA.

(Coming slowly in, sees him, and shrieks.) Dead!
 quite dead! *(rushes out in despair. The scene closes.)*

SCENE, *The Forests of Bohemia.*

Razman enters from one side of the stage, and Spiegelberg, with a band of robbers, from the other.

RAZMAN.

Welcome, brother! welcome, my brave fellow, to the forests of Bohemia. *(They embrace.)* Where have you ranged, in lightning and in tempest? Whence come you now?

SPIEGELBERG.

Hot from the fair of Leipzick at present.—There was rare sport!—ask Schufterle.—He bid me congratulate you on your safe return.—He has joined Moor's great troop on the road. *(Sitting down on the ground.)* And

how has it fared with you since we left you? How goes the trade?—I could tell you of such feats, my boy, that you would forego your dinner to hear them.

RAZMAN.

I have no doubt on't.—We heard of you in all the newspapers.—But where the devil have you picked up all these fellows?—Blood and thunder! you've brought us a little army—you recruit like a hero!

SPIEGELBERG.

Han't I?—ay, and a set of clever dogs too!—Hang up your hat in the sun, and I'll lay you five pounds 'tis gone in the twinkling of an eye, and the devil himself shan't tell where.

RAZMAN.

(*Laughing.*) The Captain will make you welcome with these brave boys.—He has got some fine fellows too.

SPIEGELBERG.

Pshaw! your Captain!—Put his men and mine in comparison!—Bha!

RAZMAN.

Well, well, yours may have good fingers—but I tell you our Captain's reputation has got him some brave fellows! Men of honour!

SPIEGELBERG.

So much the worse.

Enter Grimm, running in.

RAZMAN.

What now? Who's there? Are there any travellers in the forest?

GRIMM.

Quick! Quick! Where are the rest? Zounds! do you

you stand chattering there?—Don't you know?—poor Roller—

RAZMAN.

What now? What of him?

GRIMM.

He's hang'd that's all,—he and four more.

RAZMAN.

Roller? What?—When?—Where did you hear it?

GRIMM.

We heard nothing of him for three weeks.—He was all that time in jail, and we knew nothing of it:—He was three times put to the rack, to make him discover his captain:—The brave fellow never squeak'd.—Yesterday he got his sentence,—and this morning—he went off express to the devil.—

RAZMAN.

Damnation! Has the Captain heard of it?

GRIMM.

He heard of it only yesterday:—He is foaming with rage:—You know he always thought highly of Roller;—and now that he underwent the rack—We got ropes and a ladder to try to get him out,—but it was all in vain.—Moor himself put on the dress of a Capuchin, and got in to him.—He endeavoured to persuade him to change clothes with him,—but Roller positively refused.—And now the Captain has sworn an oath, that made all our hairs stand on end! He vows he will light him such a funeral pile as never king had;—he will burn them alive.—The town itself, I fear, will go for it:—He has long owed them a spite for their intolerable bigotry:—And you know, when he says, “I'll do it,” 'tis as good as if we had done it already.

D 3

RAZMAN.

THE ROBBERS.

RAZMAN.

Ah! good God! poor Roller!

SPIEGELBERG.

"Memento mori." What care I? (Sings.)

The gallows, my boy, whene'er I pass by,

I cock my left eye, and I blink with the tother;

When I see the poor rogue on't, says I, my dear brother,

You may hang there for me.—Better you there than I.

Tol de rol, tol de rol.

RAZMAN.

(Hastily rising.) Hark! a shot! (A great noise is heard of firing and buzzzaing.)

SPIEGELBERG.

Another!

RAZMAN.

And another! 'Tis the Captain. (A noise of singing behind the scenes.)

The wittols of Nuremberg, these are the men!

They ne'er hang a thief till they catch him!

Da capo.

Roller's voice is heard, and Switzer's. Halloa! Halloa.

RAZMAN.

Roller, by heavens! 'tis Roller!

SWITZER and ROLLER.

(Still behind the Scene.) Razman, Grimm, Spiegelberg, Razman!

RAZMAN.

Roller! Thunder and lightning! Fire and fury! (They run to meet them.)

Enter Moor, as dismounting from his horse, Roller, Switzer, Schufterle, and the whole band, all bespattered as from the road.

MOOR.

Liberty! Liberty! my boys! Roller is free—Take
my

my horse,—and dash a bottle of wine over him!—
(He sits down on the ground.) 'Twas hot work!

RAZMAN.

(To Roller.) By the forge of Pluto! you have had
 a resurrection from the wheel!

SPIEGELBERG.

Are you his ghost? or are you flesh and blood?

ROLLER.

(Quite breathless.) Flesh and blood, my boy! Where
 do you think I come from?

GRIMM.

Who the devil knows?—Ask the witch on whose
 broomstick you rode.—Had n't you received sentence?

ROLLER.

Ay truly,—and something more.—I was at the foot
 of the gallows, man! Stay till I get my breath.—Swit-
 zer will tell you.—Give me a glass of brandy!—Are
 you there, Maurice?—Come back too?—I thought to
 have met you somewhere else.—Give me a glass of
 brandy! I have not one bone sticking to another,—that
 damn'd rack! The Captain! Where's my Captain?

RAZMAN.

Have patience, man, haye patience.—Come, tell us,—
 tell us,—How did you escape?—How came you off? I am
 in a maze!—From the foot of the gallows, did you say?

ROLLER.

(Drinks off a bumper of brandy.) Ha! that smacks;
 —'t has the right bite;—strait from the gallows, boy.
 —You stare at me!—What, you don't believe it?—I
 was but three steps off from Abraham's bosom—No
 more.—You would not have given a pinch of snuff for
 my life.—'Twas my Captain; I thank my Captain for
 my breath, my liberty, my life!

SWITZER.

SWITZER.

Hah ! 'twas a trick worth the telling.—It was but yesterday we got notice by our spies that Roller lay snug in pickle * ; and that unless the sky fell, or some such accident, before morning,—that's to-day, he would be gone the way of all flesh.—Come, said the Captain ! Shall our friend go swing, and we do nothing for him —Save him or not, I promise you, I'll light him such a pile ; as few have seen the like !—He gave his orders to the band.—We sent a trusty fellow, who contrived to give Roller notice, by slipping a scrap of paper into his soup.

ROLLER.

I had no hopes of the thing succeeding.

SWITZER.

We watched for the moment when every thing was quiet,—the streets deserted,—every mortal gone to see the fight,—horse, foot, coaches, all pell-mell.—We heard even the noise at the gallows, and the psalm-singing.—Now, said the Captain, now's the time ! Set fire !—Our fellows darted like a shot through the whole town,—set fire to it at once in three and thirty different places ;—they threw burning matches on the powder magazine,—into the churches and the store-houses.—'Sdeath ! It was scarcely a quarter of an hour,—when a brisk gale from the north-east, that certainly owed them a spite, like us, gave us all the help we wished, and in a moment the whole was in a whirlwind of fire.—We ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, Fire ! Fire ! in every quarter !—Then there was such a horrible noise and confusion.—The great bells were set a ringing.

* GERM. *Liege tuftig im salz.*

ing.—The powder magazine blew up.—'Twas as if heaven, earth, and hell had all gone together.

ROLLER.

Then my attendants began to look behind them.—'Twas like Sodom and Gomorrah ;—the whole town in a blaze :—Sulphur, smoke, and fire :—All the range of hills re-echoed with the explosions :—The terror was universal :—Now was the time :—They had taken off my irons ;—so very near was it ;—touch and go ;—off I went like an arrow ;—out of sight in a moment, while they stood petrified, like Lot's wife.—Luckily I had but a few paces to run to the river.—I tore off my clothes, jump'd in, and swam under water, till I thought they had lost sight of me.—Our brave Captain was on t'other side, with horses ready, and clothes for me.—And here, my boys,—here I am! Moor, Moor, my brave fellow,—I wish only you were in the same scrape, that I might help you out of it.

RAZMAN.

Spoke like a brute ;—a beast that ought to be hang'd —Egad it was a masterly stroke!

ROLLER.

Ay so it was.—Help at a pinch!—A friend in need is a friend indeed, say I ;—but you can't judge of it.—No,—unless you had the rope about your neck, and were walking all alive to your grave.—Then those hellish preparations,—and every foot you went, a step nearer that curs'd machine, which met you so full in view,—clear,—damnably illuminated by the rising sun * ;—then the executioner and his men sneaking behind you,—and that infernal psalm-singing.—Zounds, my ears are ringing with it yet ;—and then the croaking

* The executions in Germany are performed at day-break.

ing of a whole legion of carrion-crows that had been feasting on the precious corruption of my predecessor, that hung there half-rotted away :—But above all, the hellish joy that those rascals expressed when they saw me coming.—Oh, I shall never forget it.—No, for all the treasures of Crœsus, I would not undergo that again.—Dying ! Zounds, 'tis no more than cutting a caper :—'Tis what goes before that's the devil.

SPIEGELBERG.

And the powder-magazine was blown in the air ?—that accounts for the stink of brimstone we smelt far and near, as if the devil's wardrobe had been on fire.

SWITZER.

Damnation ! If they made a holiday for the hanging of our poor comrade, why should n't we make a holiday for the burning of their town,—when he was to escape by it.—Schufsterle, can you tell how many were killed ?

SCHUFTERLE.

Eighty-three, they say ;—the steeple crush'd sixty of them to death.

MOOR.

(*In a very serious tone.*) Roller, you were dearly bought.

SCHUFTERLE.

Pah ! pah ! what signifies all that ?—Indeed, if they had been men—but they were babies in leading-strings, mere bantlings—or old Mother Shiptons, their nurses—and perhaps a few poor atomies that had not strength to crawl to their doors.—All that had any soul or spirit in them were at the show.—'Twas the mere scum, the dregs, that staid at home.

MOOR.

MOOR.

Poor wretches ! the old, the decrepid, and the infants !

SCHUFTERLE.

Ay, devil bura 'em ! a few sick wretches too—women in labour, perhaps, or just at the down-lying.—Ha ! ha ! in passing one of those little barracks, I heard some squalling—I peep'd in, and what do you think it was ? a child, a stout little rogue, that lay on the floor beneath a table, and the flames just catching it !—Poor little fellow, said I, you are starving for cold there—and so I chuck'd him into the fire !

MOOR.

Did you so, Schusterle ? May that fire consume you, body and soul, to all eternity !—Out of my sight, you monster !—never be seen in my troop again ! (*The band begin to murmur.*) What ! you murmur, do ye ?—Who dares to murmur, when I command ?—Out of my sight, I say, Sir !—There are others among you who are ripe for my indignation.—Spiegelberg, I know you.—It won't be long e'er I call over the roll, and I'll make such a muster as shall make you all tremble.

[*They go out much agitated.*]

MOOR.

(*Alone, walking backwards and forwards in great agitation.*) Hear it not, O God of vengeance ! Am I to blame for this ? Art thou to blame, O Father of Heaven ! when the instruments of thy wrath, the pestilence, flood, and famine, overwhelm at once the righteous and the guilty ? Who can command the flames to stay their course, to destroy only the noxious vermin, and spare the fertile field ?—Poor fool ! O shame ! hast thou then presumptuously dared to wield Jove's thunder, and with

with thy aimless arm to let the Titan 'scape, while the poor pigmy suffers.—Go, slave! 'tis not for thee to wield the sword of the Most High! Behold thy first essay!—Here then I renounce the rash design—hence! let me seek some cavern of the earth to hide me—to hide my shame from the eye of day!

[*Is going out.*

Enter Roller.

ROLLER.

Take care of yourself, Captain—the spirits are walking—there are several troops of Bohemian horsemen patrolling all around us—that hellish Bluehanks must have betrayed us.

Enter Grimm.

GRIMM.

Captain, Captain, we are discovered, track'd---there's a circle drawn in the forest, and some thousands surrounding us!

Enter Spiegelberg.

SPIEGELBERG.

O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! we are all taken—every man of us hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd!—Ten thousand Huffars, Dragoons, and Jaghers, have got to the heights above us, and block'd up all the passes.

[*Moor exit.*

Enter Switzer, Razman, Schufterle, and other robbers, from every side of the stage.

SWITZER.

Ha! have we unkennel'd them at last? Give you joy, Roller!—It's long since I have wish'd to have a fair tilting-bout with the regulars.—Where is the Captain? Is all the band assembled? Have we ammunition enough?

RAZMAN.

RAZMAN.

Plenty of that—but we're only eighty in all—not one to twenty !

SWITZER.

So much the better—those poor dogs are shot at for sixpence—we fight for life and liberty—we'll pour down on them like the deluge—give them a volley like thunder!—Where the devil is our Captain?

SPIEGELBERG.

He deserts us at this extremity.—Is there no way left for an escape?

SWITZER.

Escape! coward, beast! may hell choke you for that word! You gape there with your lanthorn jaws, and when you hear a shot—Zounds, firrah! show your face in the ranks, or you shall be few'd alive in a sack, and thrown to the dogs!

RAZMAN.

The Captain! the Captain!

Enter Moor, with a slow pace.

MOOR.

(*Apart.*) I have let them be completely surrounded—they must fight like desperadoes.—Well, my boys, we're tied to the stake—one choice—fight or die!

SWITZER.

Ha! We'll rip them up alive! Lead us on, Captain, we'll follow you to the gates of hell!

MOOR.

Load all your muskets.—Have you powder enough?

SWITZER.

(*Starting up*) Powder enough! ay, to blow the earth up to the moon!

RAZMAN.

RAZMAN.

Each of us has five pair of pistols loaded, and three carbines.

MOOR.

Well done.—Some of you must get upon the trees, and others conceal themselves in the thickets, and fire upon them in ambush.

SWITZER.

Spiegelberg, that will be your post.

MOOR.

The rest of us will fall like furies on their flanks.

SWITZER.

I'll be one, by heavens !

MOOR.

And every man too must sound his whistle, and let some gallop through the wood, that our numbers may appear the more terrible. We must set loose all our dogs, and spirit them to fly at the ranks, and throw them into confusion, that they may run upon our fire.—We three, Roller, Switzer, and I, will fight wherever the main force is.

Enter a Commissary.

GRIMM.

Ha ! here comes one of the blood-hounds of justice !

SWITZER.

Kill him on the spot.—Don't let him open his mouth !

MOOR.

Peace there ! I'll hear what he has to say.

COMMISSARY.

With your leave, gentlemen.—I have in my person the full authority of justice ; and there are eight hundred soldiers here at hand, who watch over every hair of my head.

SWITZER.

SWITZER.

A very persuasive argument to stay our stomachs.

MOOR.

Comrade, be quiet! Speak, Sir, and be brief.—
What are your commands for us?

COMMISSARY.

I come, Sir, by authority of that august magistrate who decides upon life and death;—and I have one word for you,—and two for your band.

MOOR.

Speak it.—(*Resting upon his sword.*)

COMMISSARY.

Abominable wretch!—Are not those cursed hands imbrued in the noble blood of a Count of the empire?—Hast thou not, with sacrilegious arm, broke open the sanctuary of the Lord, and impiously carried off the sacred vessels? Hast thou not set fire to our most upright and sanctified city, and blown up our powder-magazine over the heads of many pious Christians? (*Clasping his hands.*) Abomination of abominations! The horrible favour of thy sins has ascended to Heaven, and will bring on the day of judgement before its time, to punish such a wicked—damn'd—infernal monster!—

MOOR.

A masterly oration, upon my word!—but now to the point in hand.—What did the most august magistrate please to inform me of by your mouth?

COMMISSARY.

What you never will be worthy to receive.—Look around you, you horrible incendiary,—as far as your eye can reach, you are surrounded by our horsemen.—No escape for you—You may as soon expect these stunted oaks and pines to bear peaches and cherries.

MOOR.

MOOR.

Hear you that, Switzer? Roller?—But go on, Sir.
COMMISSARY.

Hear then how merciful, how long-suffering is Justice to the wicked.—If this very moment you lay down your arms, and humbly entreat for mercy and a mitigation of your punishment, then Justice will be like an indulgent mother—she will shut her eyes on one half of your horrible crimes—and only condemn you—think well of it—to be broken alive upon the wheel!

SWITZER.

Captain, shall I cut his throat?

ROLLER.

Hell, fire, and fury! Captain!—How he bites his lip! Shall I cut down this fellow like a cabbage?

MOOR.

Don't touch him—let none of you dare to lay a finger on him.—Hearkee, Sir! (*To the Commissary, with a solemn tone.*) There are here seventy-nine of us, and I, their Captain.—Not a man of us has been taught to trot at a signal, or dance to the music of artillery; and on your side there are eight hundred disciplined troops, staunch and experienced veterans.—Now, hear me, Sir! hear what Moor says, the Captain of these incendiaries.—It is true I have assassinated a Count of the empire.—It is true I have burnt and plundered the church of the Dominicans.—It is true I have set fire to your bigotted town, and blown up your powder-magazine.—But I have done more than all that.—Look here, (*holding out his right hand,*) look at these four rings of value.—This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister whom I cut down at the chace, at his prince's feet. He had built his fortune on the miseries of

of his fellow-creatures, and his elevation was mark'd by the tears of the fatherless and the widow.—This diamond I took from a treasurer-general, who made a traffic of offices of trust, and sold honours, the rewards of merit, to the highest bidder.—This cornelian I wear in honour of a priest whom I strangled with my own hand, for his most pious and passionate lamentation over the fall of the Inquisition.—I could expiate at large, Sir, on the history of these rings, if I did not repent already that I have wasted words on a man unworthy to hear me.

COMMISSARY.

Is there so much pride in a vile felon ?

MOOR.

Stop, Sir.—I shall now talk with some pride to you ! —Go, tell your most august magistrate—he that throws the dice on life and death—tell him, I am none of those banditti who are in compact with sleep, and with the midnight hour—I scale no walls in the dark, and force no bolts to plunder.—What I have done shall be engraven in that book where all the actions of mankind are recorded—in heaven's eternal register :—But with you poor ministers of earthly justice, I hold no further communing.—Tell your master, that my trade is the *lex talionis*; Like for like :—Vengeance is my trade !
(He turns his back upon him with contempt.)

COMMISSARY.

Do you refuse then to hearken to the voice of mercy ?—If that is the case, I have done with you. (*Turns to the band.*) Hear, you fellows,—hear the mouth of justice !—If you immediately deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, you shall have a full pardon—even the remembrance of your crimes shall be blotted out—our

holy mother Church will open her bosom to receive you, like the strayed sheep of the flock—you shall be purified in the waters of regeneration, the road of salvation shall be open to you, and every one of you shall get—posts and places!—Here—read with your own eyes—here is a general pardon—signed and sealed—*(He gives Switzer a paper with an air of triumph.)*—Well, how does your honour like that?—Come, courage! bind your leader hand and foot—and be free men!

MOOR.

Do you hear that, my friends?—hear you that? Why stand you thus in amaze?—What stops you? How can you hesitate?—You are already prisoners, and you have an offer of your liberty—You are already under sentence of death, and you have an offer of your lives—You are promised honours, places, and emoluments—and what can you gain, even if you conquer, but execration, infamy, and persecution—You have the grace of heaven offer'd to you, and at present you are in a state of reprobation—Not a hair of your heads but must blaze in everlasting flames!—How now, still in doubt? Is it so difficult to make a choice between heaven and hell?—Help me to persuade them, Mr Commissary.

COMMISSARY.

What can be that devil's name that speaks out of his mouth?—he makes me all quiver.

MOOR.

What! have you no answer? Do you hope to gain your liberty by your swords? Look around you—look well, my friends—'tis impossible to think so—'twere to think like children, if you did.—Perhaps you flatter yourself with an honourable death, that you'll fight like men, and

and die like heroes—You think so, because you have seen *Moor* exult in a scene of carnage and of horror—O, never dream it—there's none of you a *Moor*—you are a set of miserable thieves—poor instruments of my great designs—despicable as the rope in the hands of the hangman!—No, no—a thief cannot die like a hero—a thief may be allowed to quake at the fight of death.—Hark, how those trumpets echo through the forest! See there, how their sabres gleam! What! still irresolute? Are you mad?—Do you think I thank you for my life? Not at all—I disdain the sacrifice you are making!
(*The sound of warlike instruments is heard.*)

COMMISSARY.

(*In astonishment.*) This is beyond belief—never saw any thing like it—I must make off!—

MOOR.

You are afraid, perhaps, that I put myself to death, and that, as the bargain is to deliver me alive, that may break it.—No, my friends, *that* you have no reason to fear.—See, there is my dagger, my pistols, and, what I have always carried with me,—my poison!—(*Throws them away.*) What! not determin'd yet?—But perhaps you think I shall struggle when you seize me.—Look here—I tie my right hand to this branch of an oak!—Now I am quite defenceless—a child might take me.—Now come on! who will be the first to betray his Captain?

ROLLER.

(*With a frantic gesture.*) Ay, if all hell should open! Who is the scoundrel that will betray his Captain*?

E 2

SWITZER.

* GERM. *Wer bund kein ißt rette den Hauptman.* He who is not a dog, let him save his Captain.

THE ROBBERS.

SWITZER.

(Tears the pardon in pieces, and throws it in the Commissary's face.) There ! Our pardon is at the mouth of our muskets.—Tell your magistrate, that you have not found one traitor in all our company.—Huzza ! Save the Captain ! Huzza ! Save the Captain !

ALL.

Save the Captain ! Save him ! Save our noble Captain !

MOOR.

(Untwisting his hand from the tree, and in a transport of joy.) Now my brave lads—Now we are free indeed.—I have a whole host in this single arm.—Death, or liberty ! We shall not leave a man of them alive ! (They sound the charge with great noise, and exent sword in hand.)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE, A GARDEN.

AMELIA, sitting in a pensive attitude. Enter FRANCIS,
both of them in deep mourning.

FRANCIS.

WHAT, still here, my little obstinate enthusiast ?
You stole away from our entertainment.—My
guests were in charming spirits, but you disturb'd all
our mirth.

AMELIA.

Shame on such mirth ! When your father's funeral
dirge is yet sounding in your ears.

FRANCIS.

What, still sorrowing ? Will those pretty eyes never
be dry ?—Come, let the dead sleep in their graves,—
and be the joy of the living.—I am just come—

AMELIA.

And when do you depart ?

FRANCIS.

Fy now ! Why that haughty, that severe counte-
nance ? You distress me much, Amelia.—I come to in-
form you—

AMELIA.

What I know already,—that Francis de Moor is now
the Lord and master.—

FRANCIS.

Precisely so.—It was upon that subject I wanted to

talk with you.—Maximilian de Moor is gone to sleep with his fathers.—I am now the lord of these domains, and all that they contain.—Pardon me, Amelia: I wish to be the lord of *all*.—You know that you were properly a part of our family.—You know, my father regarded you as his own child:—You have not forgot him, Amelia:—You never will forget him.

AMELIA.

Never, Sir!—Never!—No banquet, no mirth and revelry, shall banish his idea from my mind.

FRANCIS.

Pious affection! But what you owed to the father, the sons sure now may claim;—and Charles being dead.—Ha! You are surprised! overwhelmed! are you not? Ay truly, so flattering a thought, a prospect so brilliant, and that so suddenly presented to your mind, was too much even for woman's pride—That Francis de Moor should spurn the proud ambition of the noblest families, and offer at the feet of a poor orphan, destitute and helpless, his heart, his hand, his wealth, these castles and domains!—He, whom all envy, all fear, declare himself Amelia's voluntary slave!—

AMELIA.

Why does the thunder sleep? nor cleave that impious tongue?—Curs'd wretch! my Charles's murderer! and thou hopest to be the husband of Amelia? Thou!

FRANCIS.

Less heat, my Princess!—Not quite so high a tone!—Think not you have a lover who will bow at a distance, and sigh, and coo, and woo you like a Celadon.—No; Francis de Moor has not learnt, like the Arcadian swains, to breathe his amorous plaints to the caves, and rocks,

rocks, and echoes.—He speaks;—and when he is not answered—he commands.—

AMELIA.

Worm! Reptile! Thou command!—Command me?
And if I laugh to scorn your commands, what then?

FRANCIS.

A cloister, and imprisonment.—I know how to tame,
to break that proud spirit.—

AMELIA.

Ha! excellent!—Welcome the cloister and imprisonment, that hides me from the glances of that basilisk.—There I shall be free to think of Charles, to dwell on that dear image.—Away, away! haste to that blest abode!

FRANCIS.

Is it so then?—Thanks for that instruction.—Now I have learnt the art to gall you.—This head, armed like another fury with her snakes, shall fright your Charles from your heart.—The horrible Francis shall lurk behind the picture of your lover, like the hound of hell.—I will drag you by those locks to the altar, and, with my dagger, force from your quivering heart the nuptial oath.—

AMELIA.

(Strikes him.) Take this love-token first.

FRANCIS.

Hah! tenfold, and twice tenfold, shall be my vengeance. My wife! No;—that honour you never shall enjoy.—You shall be my wench, my paramour.—The honest peasant's wife shall point at you,—shall hoot you in the streets.—Ay, grind your teeth!—and scatter fire and murder from those eyes.—A woman's fury is my joy, my pastime;—'tis my heart's delight to see her thus

thus!—These struggles shall enhance my triumph.—How sweet is enjoyment when thus forced, thus ravished.—Come to the altar, this instant come. (*Endeavours to force her.*)

AMELIA.

(*Throwing herself about his neck.*) Pardon me, Francis. (*When going to take her in his arms, she draws out his sword, and steps back a few paces.*) See'st thou now, villain, what I can do?—I am a woman,—but a woman, when in fury—Dare to come near me,—and this steel, my uncle's hand shall guide it to thy heart.—Fly me this instant! (*She pursues him out with the sword.*) Ah! Now I am at ease! I can breathe again.—I felt a tyger's rage,—the mettled courser's strength.—To a cloister, did he say?—thanks for that blessed thought! Love, forlorn and hopeless love, finds there a kind retreat!—The grave of buried love!— [Exit.]

SCENE, *The banks of the Danube.*

The Robbers stationed on a height, while their horses are grazing on the declivity below.

MOOR.

I must rest here. (*He throws himself on the ground.*) My joints are shook asunder;—my tongue cleaves to my mouth,—dry as a potsher'd.—I would beg of some of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death. (*While he is speaking, Switzer goes out unperceived, to fetch him some water.*)

GRIMM.

Our wine-cantines are empty long ago.—How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun!

MOOR.

MOOR.

(*Lost in contemplation.*) 'Tis thus the hero falls ;—
 'tis thus he dies,—in godlike majesty !

GRIMM.

The fight affects you, Sir !

MOOR.

When I was yet a boy,—a mere child,—it was my favourite thought,—my wish to live like him ! (Pointing to the sun.) Like him to die. (Suppressing his anguish.) 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit !—

GRIMM.

It was so.

MOOR.

(*Pulling his hat over his eyes.*) There was a time,
 —Leave me, my friends—alone—

GRIMM.

Moor ! Moor ! 'Sdeath ! How his countenance changes !—

RAZMAN.

Zounds ! what is the matter with him ?—Is he ill ?

MOOR.

There was a time, when I could not go to sleep, if I had forgot my prayers !—

GRIMM.

Have you lost your sences ? What ! yet a school-boy !
 —'Twere fit indeed such thoughts should vex you !

MOOR.

(*Resting his head on Grimm's bosom.*) Brother ! Brother !

GRIMM.

Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you—

MOOR.

A child ! Oh that I were a child once more !

GRIMM.

GRIMM.

Ff, fy ! Clear up that cloudy brow ! Look yonder,
what a landskip ! what a lovely evening !

MOOR.

Ay, my friend ! that scene so noble !—this world so
beautiful !

GRIMM.

Why, that's talking like a man.

MOOR.

This earth so grand !

GRIMM.

Well said !—That's what I like !

MOOR.

And I so hideous in this world of beauty—and I a
monster on this magnificent earth—the prodigal son !

GRIMM.

(Affectionately.) Moor ! Moor !

MOOR.

My innocence ! O my innocence !—See how all na-
ture expands at the sweet breath of spring.—O God !
that this paradise—this heaven, should be a hell to me !
—When all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of
peace—the world one family—and its Father there a-
bove !—who is not my Father !—I alone the outcast—
the prodigal son !—Of all the children of his mercy, I
alone rejected. (Starting back with horror.) The com-
panion of murderers—of viperous fiends—bound down,
enchaîned to guilt and horror !

RAZMAN.

'Tis inconceivable ! I never saw him thus mov'd be-
fore.

MOOR.

(With great emotion.) Oh ! that I could return once
more

more into the womb that bare me ! that I hung an infant on the breast ! that I were born a beggar—the meanest hind—a peasant of the field ! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear !

GRIMM.

(*To the rest.*) Peace, O peace!—the paroxysm will soon be over.

MOOR.

There was a time when I could weep with ease.—O days of bliss!—Mansion of my fathers! O vales so green, so beautiful! scenes of my infant years, enjoy'd by fond enthusiasm! will you no more return? no more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom!—Oh never, never shall they return—no more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone for ever!

Enter Switzer, with water in his hat.

SWITZER.

Captain, here drink! water fresh and cool as ice.—

GRIMM.

What is the matter, Switzer?—you are bleeding.

SWITZER.

Matter? a mere joke—a trifling accident, that might have cost me only my neck and a couple of legs.—I was going trotting along a steep bank of the river on the brow of yonder declivity—'Tis all sand, you know—Plump, in a moment, down goes the bank under my feet, and I made a clever tumble of ten good Rhenish yards at the least—there I lay for a while like a log, and when I came to my sences, I found myself safe on the gravel, and fine fresh water just at my hand.—Poh!

not

not a bad caper, said I, since I've got my Captain a drink by it !

MOOR.

(Gives back the hat to Switzer, and wipes his face.)
Why, you're all so befmeared, one can't see the cuts you got from the Bohemian dragoons.—Your water was very good, Switzer.—These cuts become you, man !

SWITZER.

Poh ! There's room enough for twenty more of 'em,

MOOR.

Ay, my boys—it was a hot day's work—and only one friend lost.—Poor Roller ! he had a glorious death ! If he had died in any cause but ours, he'd had a marble monument !—Let this suffice—this tear from a man's cheek ! *(He wipes his eyes.)* Do you remember how many of our enemies were left dead on the field ?

SWITZER.

Sixty Huffars—ninety three dragoons, and about forty light horse—in all, two hundred !

MOOR.

Two hundred for one man !—Every one of you has his claims upon this head. *(He takes off his hat.)* Here I lift this poinard—so may my soul find life or death eternal, as I keep faith with you !

SWITZER.

Don't swear ! you don't know, if good fortune should once more smile upon you, but repentance—

MOOR.

No ! by the ghost of Roller ! I never will forsake you !

Enter

Enter Kozinski.

KOZINSKI.

They told me I should find him somewhere hereabout.—Ha! halloo!—What faces are these?—Should they be—if these were the men—yes, they are—I'll speak to them.

GRIMM.

Have a care! Who goes there?

KOZINSKI.

Gentlemen, excuse me—I don't know if I am right or not.

MOOR.

Suppose right.—Whom do you take us for?

KOZINSKI.

For men!

SWITZER.

Have we shown ourselves to be so, Captain?

KOZINSKI.

I seek for men who can look death in the face—who can play with danger as with a tamed snake—who prize liberty above life and fame—whose names speak comfort to the oppress'd, who can appal the bold, and make the tyrant shudder!

SWITZER.

(*To the Captain.*) I like this fellow.—Hear me, good friend! you have found the men you want.

KOZINSKI.

I think so,—and hope I shall be anon their fellow.—You can point me out the man I look for,—'tis your Captain, the great Count de Moor.

SWITZER.

(*Gives him his hand cordially.*) We are brothers, my boy!

MOOR.

MOOR.

Would you know this Captain?

KOZINSKI.

Thou art he!—in those features—that air.—Who could look at you, and not discover it?—(*Looking earnestly at him for a long time.*) It has been long my wish to see that man, whose countenance spoke terrors,—whose eye could not be borne;—’twas he who sat on the ruins of Carthage.—Now my wish is satisfied!

SWITZER.

A fine mettled fellow!

MOOR.

And who sent you to me?

KOZINSKI.

O Captain!—Fate, the cruellest fate!—I have been shipwreck’d on the stormy ocean of the world.—I have seen my fondest hopes evaporate in air,—and nought remain but the bitter recollection of disappointment;—a recollection that would drive me to madness, if I sought not to drown it, in feeding this restless, this impetuous spirit with new objects of pursuit.

MOOR.

Here is another of heaven’s outcasts.—Go on.—

KOZINSKI.

I have been a soldier, and in that station unfortunate:—I embark’d for the Indies;—my vessel went to pieces in a storm;—all my projects failed:—At last, I heard of the fame of your great exploits,—assassinations, as they term them;—and I have made a journey of forty miles in the firm resolution of offering you my services, if you deign to accept of them.—I intreat you, noble Captain, refuse not my request.

SWITZER.

SWITZER.

(*Leaping with joy.*) Huzza boys ! Roller again, a thousand times over ! A noble fellow for our troop !

MOOR.

What is your name ?

KOZINSKI.

Kozinski.

MOOR.

What ! Kozinski ? Let me tell you, you are a light-headed young fellow, and that you are ready to take the most decisive step in life with no more consideration than a thoughtless girl. Here there's no game at bowls, no tennis-play, as you may perhaps imagine.

KOZINSKI.

I understand you, Sir—But you mistake me. 'Tis true—I am but four-and-twenty—but I have seen the clashing of swords, and heard the balls whistle before now.

MOOR.

Have you so, young master ? And have you learn'd the use of arms for no other purpose than to kill a poor traveller for a few dollars, or knock down women behind their backs ? Go, go, you have run away from your nurse, child, who has threaten'd to whip you.

SWITZER.

What the devil, Captain ! What do you mean ? Would you dismiss this Hercules, this glorious fellow, whose very look would scare Julius Cæsar into a coal-hole ?

MOOR.

And so when your wrong-headed schemes misgave, you thought you would go seek for an assassin.—You would become an assassin yourself.—'Sdeath, young man.

man. Do you know what that word means? You may perhaps sleep sound, after beheading a few *poppies*—but to carry a murder on your soul—

KOZINSKI.

I'll answer for all the murders that you shall give me in charge.

MOOR.

What! are you so clever, then—would you take one in by a cajoling speech?—How know you whether I may n't have my bad dreams—whether I sha'n't flinch when I come to my death-bed?—How many things have you done, for which you thought you had to answer on account?

KOZINSKI.

Why, truly not much, except this last journey to you, my Noble Count.

MOOR.

Has your tutor been amusing you with the history of Robin Hood?—Such senseless scoundrels should be sent to the galleys.—And thus you have heated your childish imagination with the conceit of being a great man.—Do you thirst for fame? for honour? Would you buy immortality by murders? Mark me well, young man! no laurel springs for the assassin—no triumph waits the victories of the robber—but curses, dangers, death, disgrace!—Seest thou yon gibbet on the side of the hill?

SPIEGELBERG.

(Walking about in a buff.) What an ass! blockhead; abominable, stupid ass! Is that the way? I would have set about it in another manner.

KOZINSKI.

What shall he fear, who does not fear death?

MOOR.

MOOR.

Bravo ! well said ! you have been a clever youth at school—you have got your Seneca by heart most perfectly.—But, my good friend, with those fine sentences you will not lull to sleep the sufferings of nature—they will avail you nought against the sharp tooth of anguish.—Think well, young man, (*he takes him by the hand,*) think on the step you are going to take—I advise you as a parent—sound first the depth of the precipice, before you dare to leap it.—If in this world you can yet catch at a single glimpse of joy—there may be moments when you would awake—and then—it might be too late.—Here thou withdraw’st thyself at once from the circle of humanity.—*Man* thou must be, or *devil*.—Once more then, my son, let me intreat—if one spark of hope lurks in your bosom, fly this dreadful association.—You may deceive yourself, impose on your own mind—and take perhaps for fire, for spirit, what in the end is despair.—Take my counsel—retreat—fly, while it is yet time.

KOZINSKI.

No! never will I fly.—If you refuse my entreaty, hear at least the story of my misfortunes.—Yourself will then put a dagger into my hand—you will.—But sit down here a moment, and listen to me with attention.

MOOR.

I'll hear you.

KOZINSKI.

Know, then, I am a gentleman of Bohemia.—By the sudden death of my father, I became master of a considerable estate.—In the neighbourhood—a paradise to

F me,

me, there dwelt an angel—a young lady, beautiful beyond expression—and chaste as the light of heaven.—But why speak thus to you, who cannot comprehend me—You never loved! you never were beloved!

SWITZER.

Softly, softly!—How our Captain reddens!

MOOR.

Have done!—I'll hear you another time—to-morrow—another time—when I have seen blood!—

KOZINSKI.

Blood, blood!—Only hear me, Sir! your foul shall be satiated with blood.—She was of plebeian birth, a German—but such her air and look as to dispel those mean prejudices.—With sweet reserve, and the most amiable modesty, she had accepted a ring from my hand, as a pledge of the sincerity of my vows, and the next day I was to have led my Amelia to the altar!—
(Moor rises up.) While in this state of rapturous bliss, and in the midst of the preparations for our nuptials, I was called to court by an express order.—I went—They produced letters to me of the most treasonable nature, which it was alledged I had written.—I blushed at the base imputation.—My sword was instantly taken from me, and I was hurried to a dungeon, where for some time my senses entirely forsook me.

SWITZER.

And notwithstanding—Well, go on.—I see what must follow *.

KOZINSKI.

Here I remained a tedious month, and knew not the extent of my misfortune.—I suffered the most extreme anxiety

* GERM, *Ich rieche den braten schon.* I smell the roast already.

anxiety for my Amelia, to whom I knew that my imprisonment would give the deepest affliction.—At length I had a visit from the first minister, who was pleased to congratulate me on the full proof of my innocence, and, with many flattering compliments, he read me the warrant for my release, and gave me back my sword. I flew in triumph to my country-seat, to clasp my lov'd Amelia in my arms—She was gone—she had been carried off in the middle of the night, and none could tell where—no creature had seen, or could give any account of her.—This was a thunderstroke—I flew to town—made enquiry at court.—Every body's eyes were fixed upon me—but none could give me the least intelligence.—At last, through a grated window of the palace, I discovered my Amelia—she contrived to throw me a letter—

SWITZER.

Did n't I say so ?

KOZINSKI.

Death and fire ! Thus stood the case—'Twas given her in choice, either to see her lover die, or to become the Prince's mistress.—She decided the contest between love and honour, (*smiling*),—by saving me !

SWITZER.

Well—what did you do then ?

KOZINSKI.

I remained fix'd to the spot, as if I had been struck with lightning.—Blood was my first thought ! blood my last !—I foam'd at the mouth, like a tyger—seizing a three-edged sword, I ran furiously to the palace of the minister—he had been the infamous pander.—They had perceived me while in the street ; for, when

I got in, I found all the apartments locked.—In answer to my eager enquiries, I was told he was gone to wait on the Prince.—Thither I flew directly—he was not to be found.—I return'd once more to his house, forc'd open the door of his apartment, and there found the base wretch—but at the very moment five or six of his domestics beset me at once, and took my sword from me.

SWITZER.

(*Stamps with his feet.*) And was nothing done to the wretch?—no vengeance?—

KOZINSKI.

I was immediately thrown in irons—brought to trial—condemn'd—and mark me now—by a singular exertion of lenity—banish'd as a malefactor from the Prince's dominions for ever—my whole fortune confiscated to the minister.—Amelia, poor Amelia, remains as a lamb within the tyger's grasp,—and I must bend submissive to the yoke of despotism.—

SWITZER.

(*Rises, and whets his sword.*) Captain! this is something to work upon—this must set us agoing*.—

MOOR.

(*Who had been walking about in great agitation, stops all at once.*) I must see her—come along—rise there.—Kozinski, thou remain'st with us.—Quick—prepare to set out this moment!—

THE ROBBERS.

Where?—What now?—

MOOR.

* GERM. *Das ist wasser aus unsere mühle.* This is water to our mills.

MOOR.

Where!—Who is it that asks where? (*To Switzer.*)
Traitor, I know you want to keep me back.—But, by
the hope of heaven! if—

SWITZER.

Traitor! I a traitor?—Lead on to hell, and I'll fol-
low you!—

MOOR.

(Falls on his neck.) Yes, brother! I know you
will.—She suffers in anguish and despair—that is e-
nough.—Come, my brave boys!—Courage. To Fran-
conia we go!—there we must be within eight days.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Gallery in the Castle of Moor.*

CHARLES DE MOOR *in disguise, under the name of COUNT DE BRAUND, and AMELIA looking at a picture in the apartment,—the habit of a nun lying on the table.*

MOOR.

(*With emotion.*) He was a most excellent man !

AMELIA.

You appear, Sir, to take a great interest in that picture.

MOOR.

(*Still looking earnestly at the picture.*) A most excellent—a most worthy man !—And is he now no more?

AMELIA.

No more.—Thus every joy of life must vanish.
(*Takes his hand affectionately.*) Count ! All sublunary bliss is vain !

MOOR.

'Tis even so ! most true ! Can you have proved that truth already ?—you, who scarcely yet have seen your twentieth year ?

AMELIA.

Yes, I have proved it !—We are called into life, only to die in sorrow.—We gain a little, that we may lose it with tears ;—we engage our hearts—only that those hearts may break !—

MOOR.

MOOR.

What! have you already lost so much?

AMELIA.

Nothing!—all!—nothing!

MOOR.

And would you learn forgetfulness in that holy garb
that lies there?

AMELIA.

To-morrow I hope to do so.—Shall we continue
our walk, Sir?

MOOR.

So soon? Whose picture is that on the *right* hand?
He has, methinks, a countenance that bespeaks misfor-
tune.—

AMELIA.

The picture on the *left* is the Count's son—he who
is now master here.

MOOR.

His only son?

AMELIA.

Come, come away—

MOOR.

But whose is that picture on the *right* hand?

AMELIA.

Won't you walk into the garden? Come—

MOOR.

But that picture on the *right* hand?—You are in tears,
Amelia?

(*Amelia goes out with precipitation.*)

Moor alone.

She loves me! loves me still!—Her tears betray her!
Yes, she loves me!—Oh heavens! Is that the
couch on which we so oft have sat—where I have hung
in

in rapture on her neck? Are these my father's halls?—O days of bliss for ever past!—for ever! Ah! How the dear remembrance of those days shoots through my soul, like the first burst of spring!—O wretch! here should have been thy happy residence—here shouldst thou have pass'd thy days—honoured, respected, loved—here shouldst thou have seen the years of thy blest infancy revive in the blooming offspring of thy Amelia—here received the willing homage of thy happy dependants.—No more!—I must return—return to misery!—Farewel, dear mansion! my father's house!—scenes that have seen me in my years of childhood, when my free bosom beat with rapture—that have seen me this day miserable—in despair! (*Walks towards the door, and then suddenly stops.*) Shall I never behold her more?—not for a last adieu!—no more kiss those dear lips!—Yes, I will see her once more—once more enfold her in my arms—were I to die for it.—I must have one greedy draught of the poison of delight—and then I go as far as ocean—and despair shall bear me!

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Castle.*

FRANCIS DE MOOR.

(*In a deep reverie.*) Begone, thou horrible image! begone!—What a coward I am!—What art thou afraid of?—Whom?—Does not this Count, this stranger, seem a spy of hell, to dog me at the heels?—Methinks I should know him.—There is something great—something, methinks, that I have seen before—in those wild and sun-burnt features:—Something that makes me tremble! (*He walks about for some time, and*

and then rings the bell.) Who's there? — Francis,
take care! — something lurks there for thy perdition!

Enter Daniel.

DANIEL.

What are your commands, Sir?

FRANCIS.

(Looking stedfastly at him for a considerable time.) Nothing.— Begone! Fill me some wine there—but quick. [Exit Daniel.

FRANCIS.

No matter—the rascal will confess all, if I put him to the torture.—I'll penetrate him with a look so dreadful, that his conscience shall betray him. (*He stops before a portrait of Charles, and examines it.*) That long crane's neck!—those dark, lowering eye-brows!—that eye that shoots fire! (*Shuddering.*) All-blasting hell! is it thy presentiment?—'Tis he! it must be Charles himself!

Enter Daniel, with a cup of wine.

Put it down there.—Look at me—sternly!—What, your knees are shaking!—you tremble! confess, Sir!—What have you done?

DANIEL.

Nothing—as I hope for mercy!—

FRANCIS.

Drink that wine off.—What,—do you hesitate? Speak!—quick!—What have you put in that wine?—

DANIEL.

So help me, God!—nothing!—

FRANCIS.

You have put poison in the wine!—Are you not as pale as ashes?—Confess, wretch, confess!—Who gave it

it you?—Was it not the Count—the Count who gave it you?

DANIEL.

The Count! Almighty God! the Count has given me nothing!

FRANCIS.

(*Taking bold of him.*) I'll gripe you black in the face, liar! old hoary traitor! Nothing?—Why then were you so often together?—you and he—and Amelia?—What were you whispering of?—Have I not seen her bold, her shameless glances at him? she who affected such a modest air!—Did I not observe her, when by stealth she dropp'd a tear into his wine—and how he swallowed it with such avidity!—I perceived it—in the glass I saw it—with these eyes I saw it.

DANIEL.

God knows! I know not a single syllable of all that.

FRANCIS.

Will you deny it?—give me the lie to my face? What plots, what machinations, have you devised to get rid of me?—To smother me in my sleep? to cut my throat?—to poison me in my drink—drug my meals? Confess it, wretch!—confess it this instant!—I know it all.—

DANIEL.

As the living God shall save me—nothing have I said but the truth!

FRANCIS.

Well! This once I forgive you.—But I know he has given you money.—Did not he squeeze your hand?—Yes, harder than usual—like an old acquaintance?—

DANIEL.

Never, indeed, Sir!

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

For example—did n't he say that he knew you well—that perhaps you might know him—that one day you might discover.—How? did n't he say something of that kind?

DANIEL.

Not a word of it, Sir.

FRANCIS.

That he would be revenged?—horribly revenged?

DANIEL.

Not a syllable!

FRANCIS.

What! Not a syllable?—Recollect yourself.—Have you forgot that he said he knew your late master well—very particularly well—that he loved him much—loved him as a son loves a father?—

DANIEL.

I do remember—I think I heard him say something of that kind.

FRANCIS.

(*Alarm'd.*) Did he say it?—say those words?—did he say he was my brother?—

DANIEL.

No, he did not say that.—But when Miss Amelia was walking with him in the gallery—I was listening at the door—he stopp'd before my late master's picture, as if he had been thunderstruck—and Miss Amelia pointed to the picture, and said He was an excellent man.—Yes, said he, “most excellent;” and he wiped his eyes when he said it.

FRANCIS.

Go! quick! Call Herman hither!

[*Exit Daniel.*

'Tis

'Tis clear as day!—'Tis Charles!—He will now come, and imperiously ask—Where is my inheritance? —And is it for this that I have lost my sleep—moved heaven and earth for this! stifled the cries of nature in my breast—and now when the reward should come—this vagabond, this beggar, steps between, and with his horrid hand tears all this fine-spun web.—Softly—'Tis but a step—an easy one—a little murder!—None but a driveller would leave his work imperfect—or idly look on till time should finish it.—

Enter Herman.

FRANCIS.

Ha! Welcome, my Eurypylos—my prompt, my active instrument!

HERMAN.

(*Abruptly, and with rudeness.*) What did you want with me, Count?

FRANCIS.

That you should give the finishing stroke to your work—put the seal to it—

HERMAN.

Really?

FRANCIS.

Give the picture the last touch.

HERMAN.

Poh!

FRANCIS.

Shall I call the carriage! we'll talk over that at our airing?

HERMAN.

Less ceremony, Sir, if you please.—All the business that you and I have to settle to-day, may be done within the four walls of this apartment.—Meantime, a word

or

or two with you by way of preface, which may perhaps save your breath in our after-communing.

FRANCIS.

(*Reservedly.*) Hm ! And what may those words be ?

HERMAN.

(*With a malignant tone of irony.*) "Thou shalt have "Amelia, I say—and from my hand."

FRANCIS.

(*With astonishment.*) Herman !

HERMAN.

(*In the same tone of irony, and turning his back upon him.*) "Amelia has lost every support, and is the play-thing of my will.—Then you may easily guess what follows—in short all goes to a wish." (*With an indignant laugh, and then haughtily to Francis.*) Now Count de Moor, what have you to say to me ?

FRANCIS.

(*Evasively.*) To you ? nothing—I had something to say to Herman .

HERMAN.

A truce with shuffling—Why was I sent for hither ?—Was it to be a second time your fool? To hold the ladder for a thief to mount—to sell my soul, to catch a hangman's fee? What else did you want with me ?

FRANCIS.

Ha ! by the way, (*as if recollecting,*) we must not forget the main point—Did not my valet de chambre mention it to you—I wanted to talk with you about the dowry ?—

HERMAN.

Sir, this is bantering—or worse.—Moor, take care of yourself—beware how you kindle my fury.—Moor,

we

we are here alone—my name is at stake against yours.—Trust not the devil, though you have raised him yourself.

FRANCIS.

(*Affecting a haughty air.*) Is it thus, Sir, you speak to your master?—Tremble, slave!

HERMAN.

(*Ironically.*) For fear of losing your favour? a mighty loss—to one who is at war with himself.—Moor, I abhor you for a villain—don't make me laugh at you for a fool too—I can open tombs! and raise the dead to life!—Which of us two is *now* the slave?

FRANCIS.

(*Smoothly.*) Come, my good friend, be politic—show yourself a man of sense—don't be false to your word.—

HERMAN.

To detest a wretch like you is the best policy—to keep faith with you would be an utter want of sense.—Faith with whom? with the father of lies—the arch-impostor!—Oh! such faith makes me shudder!—Treason is virtue here—and perfidy a saint-like quality.—But stay a little—patience!—vengeance is cunning.

FRANCIS.

Oh! by the by—what a fool I was to forget! Did n't you lose a purse lately in this room? a hundred louis was n't it? Hah! I had almost forgot that.—Here, my good friend, take what's your own. (*Offers him a purse.*)

HERMAN.

(*Throws it from him with contempt.*) Curse on your Judas bribe—the earnest of damnation!—You thought to make my poverty a pander to my conscience!—But there

there you are foil'd, Sir, thrown out entirely.—Another purse of gold you know of may help to maintain *certain* folks—to furnish sustenance for—

FRANCIS.

(With a countenance expressive of fear.) Herman, Herman! don't make me think you a traitor.—Were you to make any other use of that money than you ought to do—you were the vilest of traitors.

HERMAN.

(Triumphantly.) Ay truly! say you so? then know, Count Moor—I will enhance your shame—double your mess of infamy—I will prepare a banquet for you, where the whole world shall be the guests!—You understand me now, Sir—my most revered, most gracious master!

FRANCIS.

(Quite disconcerted.) Ha! devil! Curst impostor! (Striking his forehead.) Beast that I was, to stake my fortune on a fool's caprice! 'Twas brutish!—

HERMAN.

Whew!—O 'twas shrewd—'twas cunning!

FRANCIS.

(Biting his lip.) Most true—and ever will be true—there is no thread so feebly spun, as that which weaves the bands of guilt!

HERMAN.

Ha! what now? are angels now degraded, and the devils turn'd moralists?

FRANCIS.

(Starts off abruptly, and with a malignant smile.) And *certain* folks will have much honour to be sure in their conduct.—

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

(Clapping his hands.) Bravo! inimitable—You play your part to admiration—You draw the poor fool into the snare—then wo be on his head, if he attempts to escape—O cunning fiend!—And yet, (Clapping him on the shoulder.) Sir Count! You have not got your lesson yet quite perfect.—By heavens, you must first know how far the losing gamester will venture.—Set fire to the powder-room, says the pirate, and blow all to hell—both friend and foe!

FRANCIS.

(Goes to take down a pistol from the wall.) Here's treason—deliberate—

HERMAN.

(Draws out a large pistol from his pocket, and takes aim.) Don't give yourself so much trouble—One's prepar'd for all events with you.

FRANCIS.

(Lets fall his pistol, and throws himself back in a chair in great confusion.) Keep my secret—at least till—I collect my thoughts.

HERMAN.

Yes—till you have hired a dozen assassins to seal my mouth for ever.—But heark'ee, (in his ear,) the secret is contained in a certain paper—which my heirs will open.

[Exit.

FRANCIS.

(Alone.) What was that, Francis? Where was your courage? Your presence of mind, that us'd to be so prompt?—Betray'd by my own instruments!—The props of my good luck begin to totter—the mound is broken—and all will speedily give way to the enemy.—Now for a quick resolve—But how? but what?—

If

If I durst but do it—to come behind and stab him!—Durst! a wounded man's a child—I'll do it. (*Stalks backwards and forwards, and then stops as if hesitating from fear.*) Who's that behind me? (*Rolling his eyes.*) What figures are these—what sounds—Nothing.—I think I have courage—courage! yes—But if my shadow should discover me while I struck him—or a glair—*(He lets fall a poniard from under his clothes.)*—No, I am no coward—tender-hearted only—yes, that is it.—These are virtue's struggles—I honour this feeling—To kill my brother with my own hand! No, that were monstrous! No, no, no:—Let me cherish this vestige of humanity—I will not murder—Nature, thou hast conquer'd—There's something here that feels like—tenderness—Yes, he shall live.

[Exit.]

S C E N E, *A Garden.*

AMELIA alone, sitting in an arbour, where several cover'd walks are seen to centre.

AMELIA.

“ You are in tears, Amelia! ”—These were his words—and spoken with that expression.—Oh it summoned up a thousand dear remembrances—scenes of past delight—as in my days of happiness—my golden spring of love—Hark!—’tis the nightingale! O such was thy song, sweet bird, in those blest days—so bloom’d the flowers—and then I lay enraptured on his neck.—Sure, if the spirits of the dead hover around the li-

G ving,

ving, this stranger is the angel of my Charles.—O false and faithless heart! and dost thou seek thus artfully to veil thy perfidy?—No, no—begone for ever from this breast, the weak, the impious wish.—Here, in this heart, where Charles lies buried, shall never human being fill his place.—And yet this stranger, this unknown—’tis wonderful my thoughts should dwell thus strong, thus constantly upon him—as ’twere my Charles’s picture—his features seem to melt into the very image—of my only love! “ You are in tears, Amelia!” Ha! let me fly!—To-morrow I am a saint—(*Rises up.*) A saint! Poor heart! O what a word was that?—how sweet to this ear was once that word—but now—now—O heart, thou hast betrayed me. I believed thee vanquish’d, and thought it fortitude—alas! ’twas but despair! (*She sits down in the arbour, and covers her face with her hands.*)

Enter Herman from one of the covered walks.

HERMAN.

(*To himself.*) Now let the tempest rage, though it should sink me to the bottom*! (*Sees Amelia.*) Miss Amelia, Miss Amelia!

AMELIA.

Ha! a spy! What seek you here?

HERMAN.

I bring you news—sweet, pleasant—horrible news.—If you are disposed to forgive, you shall hear wonders.

AMELIA.

I have nothing to forgive.—Let me be spared your news.

HERMAN.

Do you not mourn a lover?

AMELIA.

* GERM. *Und sollt er mir auch bis an die gurgel schwellen.*
Though it should swell up to my throat.

AMELIA.

(Measuring him with a long look.) Child of ill-luck,
what right have you to ask that question?

HERMAN.

The right of hate—of love—

AMELIA.

Can there be love beneath a garb like that?

HERMAN

Ay, even to make a man—a villain!—Had you not
an uncle who died lately?

AMELIA.

(With tenderness.) A father!

HERMAN.

They are alive! (Exit with precipitation.)

AMELIA.

My Charles alive! (Running out, half frantic, after
Herman, she meets Charles de Moor, who is entering by
one of the walks.)

MOOR.

Whither do you run, my child—thus wild, thus
frantic?

AMELIA.

Earth, swallow me up! That man!

MOOR.

I came to bid you adieu.—But, oh heavens!—to meet
you thus!

AMELIA.

Go, Count! Farewel!—Yet stay—how happy had I
been had you not come at this moment! O had you ne-
ver come!

MOOR.

You had been happy then? Farewel for ever!

(Is going out.)

THE ROBBERS.

AMELIA.

Stay—for heaven's sake, stay!—I meant not so—O God, why did I not mean so?—Tell me, Count—what have I done that makes me seem thus guilty to myself?

MOOR.

Those words are death to me!

AMELIA.

My heart was so pure before my eyes beheld you.—But now—oh were they shut for ever—they have corrupted, poisoned all my heart!

MOOR.

On me, me only be the curse:—thy eyes, thy heart, are guiltless, pure as angels—

AMELIA.

There was his look! quite him!—O Count, I entreat—turn not on me those looks.—O spare me! spare me those looks, that stir rebellion in my breast.—O traitor Fancy, that paint'ſt him to my mind in every glance.—Begone, Sir—or take a crocodile's foul form, and you will please me more.

MOOR.

(With a look expressive of the most passionate affection.)
Young woman, that is false!

AMELIA.

(Tenderly.) And if you should be faithless; if you should seek to ruin, to betray this weak, this woman's heart.—But how can falsehood dwell in eyes that look like his—that seem his own reflected?—And yet, O better it were so—and thou wert false, that I might hate thee! And yet more wretched still, should I not love thee! *(Moor presses her hand to his lips with ardour.)* Thy kisses burn like fire.

MOOR.

'Tis my soul that burns in them!

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Go! leave me—while it is not too late.—There is fortitude in a man's bosom.—Show that thou hast that strength of mind, and share it with me !

MOOR.

Can he show fortitude who sees thee tremble ?—No, here I fix me fast. (*Embraces her, and lays his head on her bosom.*) Here I will die !

AMELIA.

(*In great confusion.*) Away! leave me! What have you done? Away with those lips. (*She struggles with a faint endeavour.*) An impious fire burns in my veins. (*Tenderly, and drown'd in tears.*) And didst thou come from the uttermost verge of earth to extinguish in this heart its holy flame—that love which had defied even death? (*She presses him closer to her bosom.*) God forgive you, young man !

MOOR.

(*In Amelia's arms.*) Oh, if to die—to part the soul and body, be thus sweet—'tis heaven to die ! *

AMELIA.

(*With rapturous tenderness.*) There where thou art, has he been a thousand times—and I, when thus I held him, forgot there was a heaven or earth.—Here his delighted eye rang'd over Nature's beauties, and felt her power with rapture. Here with enthusiasm he saw, he owned the all-pervading energy of the universal Parent; and his noble countenance, illuminated with the great idea, acquired, methought, new beauty.—Here heard the nightingale his voice—more heavenly than her own.—Here from this rose-tree he pull'd fresh roses—for

G 3

me.

* GERM. So ist sterben das meisterstück des lebens. To die is the masterpiece of existence.

me.—'Twas here, oh here, he held me to his heart—and press'd his burning lips to mine. (*They give way to their emotions without controul, and mingle their kisses.*) O Charles! now strike me dead! My vows are broken!

MOOR.

(*Tearing himself from her, as if in frenzy.*) Can this be hell that snares me? (*Gazing on her.*)—I am happy!

AMELIA.

(*Perceiving the ring upon her finger.*) Art thou there,—on that guilty hand?—Witness of my perjury—Away with you! (*She pulls the ring from her finger, and gives it to Moor.*) Take it, too dear seducer! and with it what I hold most sacred—Oh, take my all—my Charles! (*She falls back upon the seat.*)

MOOR.

(*Turns pale.*) O thou Most High! Was this thy almighty will? It is the ring I gave her—pledge of our mutual faith.—Hell, be the grave of love! She gave me back my ring!

AMELIA.

(*Terrified.*) Heavens! What is the matter—Your eyes roll wildly—and your lips are deadly pale!—O wretch! and is the pleasure of thy crime so short?

MOOR.

(*Commanding himself.*) Nothing—'tis nothing. (*Throwing up his eyes to heaven.*) I am still a man. (*He takes off his own ring, and puts it on Amelia's finger.*) Take this! delightful fiend! And with it what I hold most sacred, take my all, my Emily!

AMELIA.

(*Starting up.*) Your Emily!

MOOR.

O she was so dear to my heart! so true, so faithful
--even

—even as angels true.—When we parted, we exchanged our rings, and vowed eternal constancy.—She heard that I was dead—believed it—and was constant to the dead.—She heard I was alive—and was faithless to the living.—I flew into her arms—was happy as the blest in paradise.—Think what a thunderstroke, *Amelia!*—She gave me back my ring—she took her own.—

AMELIA.

(*Looking on the ground with astonishment.*) 'Tis strange, most strange! most horrible!

MOOR.

Ay, strange and horrible!—Ay, my good girl. Oh, much there is to know, much, much to learn, e'er this poor intellect can judge of his decrees, who smiles at human oaths, and weeps at man's fond projects.—O but my Emily is a luckless maid, unfortunate!

AMELIA.

Unfortunate! Yes, since she rejected you.

MOOR.

Unfortunate.—She kiss'd the man she had betray'd.

AMELIA.

(*With melancholy tenderness.*) O then she is indeed unfortunate! From my soul I pity her—O I could love her with a sister's love.—But there is a better world than this.

MOOR.

Yes, where all eyes are opened! and the phantom Love is view'd with scorn on pity.—That world is called ETERNITY.—Ah but my Emily was a luckless maid! O most unfortunate—

AMELIA.

Are all unfortunate and luckless whose name is Emily?

MOOR.

MOOR.

Yes, all—Yes, when they think they press an angel to their heart, and grasp—a murderer!—Unfortunate indeed, my Emily!

AMELIA.

(With an expression of deep affliction.) O I must weep for her!

MOOR.

(Taking her hand, and shewing her the ring.) Weep for thyself.

AMELIA.

(Knowing the ring.) Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth!

(She faints—The scene closes.)

SCENE, A Forest seen by Moonlight.—In one part of the Scene a Ruined Tower.

The band of Robbers sleeping on the ground, SPIEGELBERG and RAZMAN come forward in discourse.

RAZMAN.

The night is far advanced—and the Captain not come yet.

SPIEGELBERG.

Harkee, Razman, I have a word for you in confidence.—Captain, did you say? Who made him our Captain? or rather has he not usurped that title, which by right was mine? What! Is it for this we have set our lives on the cast of a die?—Is it for this we have exposed ourselves to fortune's spleen,—have scorned disgrace

disgrace and infamy?—What! to be the dastard bondsmen of a slave?—We slaves, who should be princes!—By heavens, Razman, I ne'er could brook it.

RAZMAN.

Nor I, by Jupiter! But where's the remedy?

SPIEGELBERG.

The remedy? Are you one of those slaves, and ask that question?—Razman!—If you are the man I always took you for—Look'ee, they have observed his absence—nay, they almost give him up for lost.—Razman, methinks I hear his knell—What! does not your heart bound at the thought? the thought of liberty, my boy! Do you want courage for the business?

RAZMAN.

Ha, Satan! how thou temptest me!

SPIEGELBERG.

What! Do you take me, boy? Come then—follow me quick—I know the road he took—A brace of pistols seldom fail.—Come along!

SWITZER.

(Gets up secretly.) Ha! villain—I have not forgot the Bohemian forest—when you scream'd, like a pitiful scoundrel, that the enemy was upon us.—'Twas then I swore it by my soul—Have at your heart, you murderer! (Draws his sword—They fight.)

THE ROBBERS.

(All starting up.) Murder! murder! Switzer—Spiegelberg—Separate them—

SWITZER.

(Stabs Spiegelberg.) There, villain! die!—Be quiet, my lads—Don't let this craven's fate alarm you*.

—This

* GERM. *Lafft euch die hasenjagd nicht aufwecken.* Don't be roused at the hunting of this hare.

—This envious rascal has always had a spite at our Captain—and the coward has not a flea-bite on his dainty skin—The rascal would stab a man behind the back---would skulk and murder. What boots it that we waste ourselves in toil, have drench'd ourselves in sweat, have fed on fire and sulphur, if at the last we meet a coward's fate, and die like rats by poison?

GRIMM.

Zounds, our Captain will be horribly enraged.

SWITZER.

That's my concern alone—Shifterle play'd the same game, and he's hang'd, as our chief had prophesied for him.

[A shot is heard.

GRIMM.

(Starting.) Hark! a pistol-shot!—Another!—Holloa, the Captain!

KOZINSKI.

Patience, we must hear a third shot.

[A third shot is heard.

GRIMM.

'Tis he, 'tis he!—Switzer, conceal yourself for a moment—let me speak to him.

[They sound their horns.

Enter Moor.

SWITZER.

(Running to meet him.) Welcome, Captain! I have been a little choleric in your absence. (Shows him the dead body.) Be you judge between this man and me—he wanted to murder you—to stab you in the back.

MOOR.

Avenging Power! thy hand is here! Was it not he whose syren song seduced us?—Here consecrate this sword to the avenging God, whose ways are incomprehensible

prehensible.—Switzer, 'twas not *thy* hand that did this deed.

SWITZER.

Zounds ! but it was *my* hand.—And may I be curs'd, if I think it the worst action of my life. (*Throws down his sword indignantly upon the body, and goes out.*)

MOOR.

(*Very thoughtfully.*) I see it plain ! Father of Heaven ! I know it. The dry leaves fall around.—the autumn of my days is come !—Take him out of my sight. (*The body of Spiegelberg is carried out.*)

GRIMM.

Give us our orders, Captain ! What's to be done now ?

MOOR.

Soon—very soon will all be accomplished.—Of late I've lost myself.—Bid your trumpets speak.—I want that music. I must be suckled like a child, and rear'd again to deeds of horror.—Blow your trumpets !

KOZINSKI.

Captain, this is the hour of midnight—sleep hangs heavy on our eye-lids—we have not shut an eye these three nights.

MOOR.

And can soft Sleep rest on the murderer's lids ? Why flies he then from me ?—But I have been of late a dastard—a mere changeling. Blow your trumpets, I command you—I must have music to rouse my spirit from its lethargy. (*They play a warlike piece of music—Moor walks about very thoughtful, and then gives a signal for them to stop.*) Begone ! Good night !—I'll talk to you to-morrow.

The

The Robbers lay themselves down on the ground, and one by one salute him. Good night, Captain. (They fall asleep.)

MOOR.

(Alone awake, while there is a profound silence.) A long, long night!—on which no morrow e'er shall dawn.—Think ye that I will tremble?—Shadows of the dead, the murder'd,—rise! no joint of me shall quake.—Your dying agonies, your black and strangled visages, your gaping wounds—these are but links of that eternal chain of destiny which bound me from my birth, unconscious bound me—which hung perhaps upon the humours of my nurse—my father's temperament, or my mother's blood.—Why did the great Artificer form, like Perillus, this monster, whose burning entrails yearn for human flesh. *(Holding a pistol to his forehead.)* This little tube unites Eternity to time! This awful key will shut the prison-door of life, and open up the regions of futurity. Tell me! oh tell! to what unknown, what stranger coasts thou shalt conduct me! The soul recoils within herself, and shrinks with terror from that dreadful thought; while fancy, cunning in her malice, fills the scene with horrid phantoms.—No, no! Whoe'er is man, must on—Be what thou wilt, thou dread *unknown*, so but this *self* remains;—this *self* within. For all that is external, what has it of reality beyond that form and colour which the mind itself be-flows?—I am myself my heaven or my hell. *(Casting a look as to a distance.)* If thou shouldst give me a new earth, where I alone inhabited, companion of eternal night and silence, this mind, this active, all-creative brain, would people the hideous void with its own images—would fill the vast of space with such chimera-forms,

forms; that all eternity were scarce enough to unravel them.—But perhaps it is by ever varying scenes of misery in this ill world, that, step by step, thou leadst me to anihilation.—Oh that it were possible to stop the current of that after-life, as easy as 'tis to break the thread of this!—Thou may'st reduce me into nothing—but this liberty thou can't not take from me. (*He cocks the pistol, and then suddenly stops.*) And shall I then rush to death, through slavish dread of living here in torment? Bend this man's soul beneath the scourge of misery?—No—I will bear it all. (*He throws away the pistol.*) My pride shall conquer sufferance.—Let my destiny be accomplished! (*The night becomes more dark, and a bell at a distance strikes twelve.*)

Enter Herman, who speaks, and is answered by a voice from the tower.

HERMAN.

Hush! Hush! How the howlet cries! The village clock strikes twelve;—all fast asleep—except remorse—and vengeance. (*He goes to the tower, and knocks.*) Come up, thou man of sorrow! Tenant of the tower! Thy meal is ready.

MOOR.

(Draws back, shuddering.) What can that mean?

VOICE from the tower.

Who knocks there?—Is it thou, Herman, my raven?

HERMAN.

Yes, 'tis thy raven Herman—Come to the grate, and eat.—Thy comrades of the night make fearful music.—Old man, dost thou relish thy meal?

VOICE.

Yes—hunger is keen.—O thou who feedest the ravens!

vens ! accept my thanks—for this thy bread in the wilderness !—How fares it with my good friend Herman?

HERMAN.

Hush ! hark.—What noise is that ?—Do you hear nothing ?

VOICE.

No.—Do you hear any thing ?

HERMAN.

The wind whistles through the rents of the tower—a music of the night that makes the teeth chitter, and the nails turn blue.—Hark, 'tis there again.—I hear a murmuring noise, like those who groan in sleep.—You have company, old man—Ugh !

VOICE.

Do you see any thing ?

HERMAN.

Farewel, farewell ! Your deliverer is at hand—your avenger ! (*He is going hastily out.*)

MOOR.

(*Approaches, shuddering.*) Stop !

HERMAN.

Who is that ?

MOOR.

Stop ! speak ! Who art thou ? What hast thou to do here ? Speak !

HERMAN.

(*Coming forwards.*) 'Tis one of his spies—that's certain.—I have lost all fear. (*Draws his sword.*) Defend yourself, coward ! you have a man before you.

MOOR.

I'll have an answer. (*Strikes the sword out of his hand.*) What boots this childish sword-play ? Didst thou not speak of vengeance ?—Vengeance belongs exclusively

clusively to me—of all the men of earth.—Who dares infringe my rights ?

HERMAN.

By heaven ! 'tis none of woman born—for that arm withers like the stroke of death.

VOICE.

Alas, Herman ! is it you who are speaking ?—Whom do you speak to ?

MOOR.

What ! still those sounds ?—What is a-doing here ?
(Runs towards the tower.) Some horrible mystery, for certain, is conceal'd in that tower. This sword shall bring it to light.

HERMAN.

(Comes forward trembling.) Terrible stranger ! art thou the wandering spirit of this desert—or perhaps one of the ministers of that unfathomable retribution, who make their circuit in this lower world, and take account of all the deeds of darkness ?—Oh ! if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors !

MOOR.

Traveller of the night ! you have divined my function—the Exterminating Angel is my name—but I am flesh and blood, as thou art.—Is this some miserable wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dungeon ? I will loose his chains.—Once more speak ! thou Voice of terror ! Where is the door ?

HERMAN.

As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven, as thou that door.—Retire, thou man of strength ! the genius of the wicked foils the common intellect of man.
(Strikes the door with his sword.)

MOOR.

MOOR.

But not the craft of robbers. (*He takes some passage keys from his pocket.*) For once, I thank my God I've learnt that craft! These keys would mock hell's foresight. (*He takes a key, and opens the gate of the tower.* —*An old man comes from below, emaciated like a skeleton. Moor springs back with affright.*) Horrible spectre! my father!

Enter, from the dungeon, the Old Count de Moor.

OLD MOOR.

I thank thee, O my God! the hour of my deliverance is come!

MOOR.

Shade of the aged Moor! who has disturbed thy ashes in the grave? Has thy soul left this earth, charged with some foul crime, that bars the gates of paradise against thee?—I will say prayers and masses of the dead, to gain thy spirit peace.—Hast thou hid in the earth the widow or the orphan's gold; and now, in expiation of that guilt, pour'st at the midnight hour the shriek of misery?—I'll dig that treasure up, though guarded by hell's dragons.—Or comest thou now, at my request, to expound to me the dread enigmas of eternity? Speak, speak! I will not blanch, nor stop the affrighted ear!

OLD MOOR.

I am no spirit—but alive, as thou art! O life indeed of misery!

MOOR.

What! wast thou not in thy grave?

OLD MOOR.

I was indeed interr'd*.—Three complete moons have

* GERM. *Das heißt, ein tochter hand liegt in meiner watter gruft.* That

have I languished in this dark dungeon, where not a ray of light can penetrate—where no sweet air or healthful breath can enter—where the hoarse ravens croak, and the owls shriek.

MOOR.

Heaven and earth ! Who has done that ?

HERMAN.

A son !

OLD MOOR.

Oh do not curse him.

MOOR.

(Darting furiously on Herman.) Serpent-tongued liar ! a son ! Speak that again—repeat it was a son, and I plunge my dagger in thy impious throat. A son !

HERMAN.

And were all hell let loose, I still must say, his son !

MOOR.

(Petrified with horror.) O everlasting Chaos !

OLD MOOR.

If thou art a man, and hast a human heart ! O my unknown deliverer—hear the miseries of a father, punished in his own sons. For three long moons have I poured my complaints to these walls of rock, which echoed to my groans.—Oh ! if thou art a man, and hast a human heart—

MOOR.

A prayer that would move even wolves to pity.

OLD MOOR.

I lay upon a sickbed. Scarce had I begun to gain a
H little

That is, A dead dog lies in my father's tomb.—An expression of which the Translator does not see the force, and therefore he has omitted it.

little strength, when they brought me a man who gave me the dreadful intelligence that my eldest son had fallen in battle, and with his latest breath had told, that my inhuman malediction had driven him to despair and death.

HERMAN.

A false, most horrible imposture—That villain was myself—seduced by *him*—that son—with bribes and promises to disappoint all your inquiries after his elder brother—corrupted by that unnatural son to blast the miserable remnant of your days.

OLD MOOR.

And was it thou? O heavens! Was it a concerted plan? Was I then deceived?

MOOR.

(*Removing to a little distance.*) Dost thou hear that, Moor? The light begins to dawn.—A day of horrors!

HERMAN.

Here, crush the viper!—I was his vile accomplice—I suppressed your Charles's letters, changed those from you, and substituted others in their place, conceived in terms of barbarous resentment. Thus have you been deceived—thus cruelly was he cut off from your inheritance—banished from your heart.

MOOR.

(*With an expression of unutterable anguish.*) And hence become a robber and a murderer! (*Strikes his breast and his forehead.*) O fool, fool, fool!—the victim of infernal treachery!—and now a murderer and assassin! (*Walks about in great agitation.*)

OLD MOOR.

Francis! May all—(*Suppressing rage.*) But I will curse

curse no more—and I saw nothing—nothing suspected.
—O fond indulgent dotard !

MOOR.

(*Stops suddenly.*) And that poor father in a dungeon!
(*Suppressing his anguish.*) What cause have I for rage
or for complaint? (*With affected composure.*) Go on,
Sir.

OLD MOOR.

I fainted at the news.—They must have thought me dead—for when I came to myself, I was on a bier, and shrouded as a corpse.—I beat upon the lid of the coffin—it was opened—'twas in the dead of night—my son Francis stood before me.—“What,” said he, with a voice of horror, “Must you then live for ever?” And with these words he shut the coffin. The thunder of that voice bereaved me of my senses.—When I again recovered them, I found the bier in motion.—After some time it stopped.—The coffin was again opened, and at the entry of this dungeon I found my son Francis, with that man who had brought me the bloody sword of my son Charles.—I fell at Francis’ feet, embraced his knees—and wept, conjured him, supplicated.—The tears, the supplications of his father, never reach’d his iron heart.—“Throw down that carcase,” said he, with a voice of thunder, “he has lived too long.”—They threw me down into that dungeon, and my son Francis locked the iron door upon me.

MOOR.

Impossible! impossible!—Your memory or your senses play you false!

OLD MOOR.

It may be so.—Hearken, but restrain yourself.—Thus I lay for twenty hours—and none knew of my

sufferings. No foot of man e'er treads this solitary waste—for 'tis the common report that the ghosts of my forefathers haunt this dreadful tower, drag their chains among the ruins, and chant at the hour of midnight the song of death. At last I heard the creaking of the iron door.—It was opened, and this man brought me some bread and water.—He told me that I was condemned to be starved to death in that dungeon, and that he forfeited his own life, if it were known that he brought me the smallest particle of food.—It was by his means I have preserved a miserable being so long—but the chilling cold, the foul air, and the anguish of my own mind my strength was quite exhausted, my body was emaciated to a skeleton.—A thousand times have I prayed to God to put an end to my sufferings ; —but the measure of my punishment must not have been complete—or perhaps there is yet in store for me some happiness—some bliss the Almighty has decreed to come, for which he has deigned thus miraculously to preserve me.—But come what will, my sufferings are just—most merited.—Oh my Charles, my Charles !—Before thy hairs were gray !

MOOR.

It is enough. (*To the band asleep.*) Rise there, you senseless logs—you hearts of stone!—What! will none of you awake? (*He fires a pistol over them. They start to their feet immediately.*)

ROBBERS.

Halloo! halloo! What is the matter?

MOOR.

Could you sleep out that tale? A tale that might have roused even sleep eternal.—Mark here, mark here! What are this world's laws! mere knavery—a game with

with loaded dice.—Discord is set at large, and ranges wild as hell.—The bands of nature are dissolved—a son has slain his father !

ROBBERS.

What does the Captain say ?

MOOR.

Slain! did I say—that word is tame—’tis palliative—A son has racked his father—killed him in torment—broken him on the wheel—even that is varnish of his horrible crime.—The cannibal himself would shudder at it.—Oh God! he has devoured him.—See, see there! he faints! A son confined his father in that tower—cold, naked, hungry, and athirst.—Look there, look there! This is my father !

ROBBERS.

(Coming round the old man.) Your father?

SWITZER.

(Approaches with respect, and throws himself at the old man’s feet.) Father of my Captain! I kiss your feet.—I draw this dagger, and I here devote it to thy service!

MOOR.

Revenge ! revenge ! revenge—this violated, profaned, this hoary head!—Here I tear for ever the fraternal bond. (He rends his coat from top to bottom.) Here, in the face of heaven, I curse him! curse every drop of blood within him!—Hear me, O moon and stars! and thou black canopy of night, that witnessest this horror! hear my cries! Hear me, O God! thrice-terrible avenger—thou who reign’st above yon pallid orb—and judgement doom’st, and dart’st thy fiery bolts through darkness, to the head of guilt;—behold me on my knees—behold me raise this hand

aloft! and hear my oath! May nature curse me! expel me, like some horrible abortion, from out the circle of her works—if here, upon this stone, I do not shed that parricide's blood—till the foul vapour from the fountain of his heart rise into air, and dim the blessed sun!

(Rises from his knees.)

ROBBERS.

This is a stroke of hell!—Let them now call us villains.—Now, by all the dragons of darkness, we never did any thing half so horrible!

MOOR.

No—By all the groans of those poor wretches whom your daggers have dispatched—by those who perished on that dreadful day when fire and ruin raged at our command—no murderous plan shall be devised, no scheme of rapine be resolved or meditated, till every man among us glut his steel, and dye his garments purple in that monster's blood.—Who could e'er have thought that we were destined to serve as instruments in the Almighty's hand, and minister to his justice? Our fate's mysterious clue is now unravelling. This day the invisible arm of a superior Power gives dignity to our vocation.—Adore his Majesty, who honours you this day as agents in his hands to work his wondrous purposes!—employs you as his angels to execute his stern decrees, and pour the vials of his wrath.—Be all uncovered! fall on your knees and humbly kiss the dust—then rise all hallowed men! (They fall on their knees, and make a solemn prostration to the earth.)

SWITZER.

Now give your orders, Captain! Say what we shall do.

MOOR.

MOOR.

Rise, Switzer, and touch these sacred locks. (*He brings him to his father, and makes him take hold of a lock of his hair.*) You remember, when you cleft the head of that Bohemian trooper who had raised his sabre to kill me, when I was fainting with fatigue, and my knees were sinking under me—'twas then I promised you a high reward, a kingly recompence—But to this hour I never have been able to discharge that debt.

SWITZER.

And may you never be! It is my pride, to call you still my debtor.

MOOR.

No.—This day I will discharge it.—Switzer, thou art honoured this day above all mortals.—Be thou the avenger of my father. (*Switzer rises.*)

SWITZER.

Most honoured Captain! this day thou hast made me for the first time truly proud.—Give orders how, and when, and where, thy friend shall strike.

MOOR.

The precious minutes are already number'd.—Thou must be speedy. Choose out the worthiest of the band, and lead them straight to yonder castle.—Seize him, were he asleep.—Drag him from out his bed, though he lie couch'd in pleasure's lap.—Lay hold of him at table, while, like the swine, he gorges.—Tear him from the altar, though on his knees before the crucifix.—But hear what I most solemnly command: Bring him to me alive! This hand shall hew that man in pieces, and feed the famish'd vultures with his limbs, who dares to wound his skin, or rob him of a single hair.—I must have him

all

all entire.—Bring him to me alive, bring him entire, and millions shall be your reward.—I'll plunder kings, I'll set my life at nought, to earn for thee a glorious recompence. Thou hast my purpose—haste thee to accomplish it!

SWITZER.

It is enough ! here take my hand upon it ! Captain, you shall see two of us—or none. Come, Switzer's ministers of vengeance. (*Exit, followed by a part of the band, and Herman.*)

MOOR.

Let the rest disperse themselves in the forest—I remain here.

END OF ACT FOURTH.

4 AP 54

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Moor's Castle.*

FRANCIS DE MOOR *in a night gown, rushes in, followed by DANIEL.*

FRANCIS.

Betray'd! betray'd! The spirits of the dead rise from their graves—a countleſs hoſt raised from eternal ſleep to haunt the murderer.—Who's that?—

DANIEL.

(Anxiously.) Heaven pity me! What! my dear Lord, is it poſſible it could be you who ſhriek'd ſo horribly as to waken us all out of our ſleep?

FRANCIS.

Your ſleep? Who gave you leave to ſleep? What! Sleep at this hour when all ſhould be awake?—Awake! Ay, armed and caparisoned.—Quick, quick, to arms, to arms.—Load every muſket.—See'ſt thou not how they force their way through every door, and dart along yon vaulted paſſages?

DANIEL.

Who, my Lord?

FRANCIS.

Who? beast! Doft thou not ſee them? hear them? Are your ſenes gone? Demons and ghosts!—How goes the night?

DANIEL.

The watch has just cried Two.

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

No more? Will this eternal night last to the day of judgement? Heard you no noise without? No shouting? Cries of victory? Hark! horses at the gallop! Where is Char The Count, I mean?

DANIEL.

I cannot tell, Sir.

FRANCIS.

You cannot tell? You are of the plot!—I'll tread your villain's heart out.—You cannot tell?—The very beggars have conspired against me.—Heaven, earth, and hell, combined against me!

DANIEL.

My Lord!

FRANCIS.

Who said I trembled?—No—'twas but a dream. The dead are in their graves—Tremble?—No—I am quite at ease,

DANIEL.

You are not well, my Lord.—You are quite pale—Your voice is changed,—it faulters.—

FRANCIS.

I am feverish.—I shall let blood to-morrow.

DANIEL.

Indeed, Sir, you are ill—very ill.

FRANCIS.

Yes, that is all.—It is so,—and illness affects the brain, and gives wild dreams.—What matter what one dreams!—'Tis indigestion makes us dream.—I had a pleasant dream just now. (*He sinks down in a faint.*)

DANIEL.

Good God! What's here! George! Conrad! Bastian! Martin! Where are you all? Give but a sign of life,

life. (*He shakes him.*) O Lord! they'll say I murdered him.

FRANCIS.

(*Disturbed.*) Begone! Who shakes me there? Horrible spectre! Are the dead alive?

DANIEL.

Merciful God! He has lost his reason!

FRANCIS.

(*Recovering himself gradually.*) Where am I? Is it you, Daniel? What did I say?—What signifies it?—Don't mind it:—'Twas all a lie, whatever it was.—Come, help me—it was, I think, a fit of giddiness—from want of sleep.

DANIEL.

I'll call assistance, Sir:—send for physicians.—

FRANCIS.

Stop.—Sit down here:—You are a man of sense, Daniel—I'll tell you how I

DANIEL.

No, no, Sir,—Another time.—I'll see you put to bed—you have great need of rest.

FRANCIS.

Nay, Daniel—I must tell you—'tis so odd.—You'll laugh, I promise you:—You must know I thought I had been feasting like a Prince, and I laid me down quite happy on one of the grassy banks of the garden—there I fell asleep, and all of a sudden—but you'll laugh when I tell you.—

DANIEL.

All of a sudden—What?

FRANCIS.

All of a sudden, I was waked by a clap of thunder.—I got upon my feet, and staggering, looked around me—

THE ROBBERS.

me—when lo ! the whole horizon seemed to be one great sheet of fire—the mountains, towns, and forests seemed to melt like wax in a furnace ; and then a dreadful tempest arose, which drove before it the heavens, the earth, and the ocean.

DANIEL.

Good God ! It is the description of the day of judgement.

FRANCIS.

Did you ever hear such ridiculous stuff ? Then I saw a person come forward, who held in his right hand a brazen balance, which stretched from east to west.—He cried with a loud voice, “ Approach, ye children of the “ dust : I weigh the thoughts of the heart !”

DANIEL.

God have mercy upon me !

FRANCIS.

All seemed to be struck with terror ; and every countenance was pale as ashes.—’Twas then I thought I heard my name in a dreadful voice that issued in thunder from a mountain,—a voice that froze the marrow in my bones, and made my teeth chatter as if they had been of iron.

DANIEL.

O, may God forgive you !

FRANCIS.

He did not forgive me.—Behold, an old man appeared, bent to the ground with sorrow,—a horrible sight ; for he had gnawed away one half of his arm from hunger.—None could bear to look upon him.—I knew him :—He cut off one of his grey locks, and threw it from him.—Then I heard a voice issue from the smoke of the mountain : “ Mercy and forgiveness to all the
“ sinners

"sinners of the earth! Thou only art rejected." (*After a long pause.*) Why don't you laugh?

DANIEL.

Laugh? at what makes my flesh creep?—Dreams come from God!

FRANCIS.

Fy, fy! you must not say so.—Call me a fool, a child, an idiot,—any thing. But prithee laugh at me.

DANIEL.

Dreams come from God.—I will go pray for you.

[*Exit.*

FRANCIS.

No—'Tis popular superstition! All chimeras! If the past is past, who has decided that an eye above shall e'er look back upon it?—Does vengeance dwell above the stars? No, no:—Yet there is something here that tells in dreadful whispers to my soul, there is—a Judge above the stars!—Should I this night appear before him—No, 'tis all a jest—a miserable subterfuge for coward fear to grasp at.—But if it should be so—if that were true—and all were registered above—and this the night of reckoning.—Why this quaking of the joints? this fearful shuddering? To die!—that word congeals my blood—To give account! Ay, and when that reckoning comes, to face the Judge—should he do justice!

Enter a Servant hastily.

SERVANT.

Amelia has escaped.—The Count has suddenly gone off.

Enter Daniel, with a countenance of terror.

DANIEL.

My Lord, there is a troop of horsemen riding up to
the

the Castle at the full gallop, and crying, murder, murder ! The village is all in alarm.

FRANCIS.

Go ring the bells, and summon all to church—to prayers I say.—I will have prayers said for me :—I'll set the prisoners free—make restitution to the poor five and six fold.—Go call my confessor, to give me absolution of my sins.—What ! not yet gone ? (*The tumult increases.*)

DANIEL.

God forgive me all my sins ! Are you serious, Sir ? And do you really wish I should obey these orders ?— You, who have always made a jest of prayers, and who so oft—

FRANCIS.

No more ! To die,—to die is dreadful.—It will be too late. (*Switzer's cry is heard.*) To prayers, to prayers !

DANIEL.

'Tis what I always told you—but you mock'd at prayer.—And now, behold, Sir, when you are in trouble —when the flood overwhelms your soul—

Switzer's voice is heard in the court of the castle.
Storm—break down the gates.—Yonder is a light !— they must be there !—

FRANCIS.

(*On his knees.*) Hear my prayer, O God of heaven ! It is the first.—Hear me, O God of heaven

SWITZER.

(*Still in the court.*) Strike them down, my lads.— It is the devil come from hell to seize him.—Where's Blackman with his troop ? Surround the castle, Grimm ! —Run ! storm the ramparts.

GRIMM.

GRIMM.

Here ! bring the firebrands !—Watch where he comes down :—We'll smoke him out !

FRANCIS.

My God ! I have been no common murderer—no miserable petty crimes committed !—

DANIEL.

God have compassion on us ! Even his prayers are sins

(*They fling stones and firebrands—the windows are broken in—the castle is set on fire.*)

FRANCIS.

I cannot pray.—Here, here, (*beating on his breast,*) all is choked up !—No, I will pray no more.—

DANIEL.

Christ and his Mother save us !—The whole castle is on fire !

FRANCIS.

Here ! take this sword ! stab me behind !—thrust it into my bowels—that these villains may not come to make their sport of me. (*The fire increases.*)

DANIEL.

God forbid !—I will send none to heaven before his time, far less to (*He runs off.*)

FRANCIS.

(*Looking after him.—A pause.*) To hell, he would have said.—Yes, I feel he's right.—Are these their shouts of triumph ?—that hissing there, is it hell's serpents ? Hark, they are coming up !—they are at the door !—Why should I shudder at this sword's point ?—Ha ! the gate is down !—Now 'tis impossible to escape.—(*He attempts to throw himself into the flames, and is pursued by the Robbers, who rush in, across the stage.*)

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Forest.—A ruined Tower, as in the end of the Fourth Act.*

The OLD COUNT DE MOOR seated upon a stone.—CHARLES DE MOOR in conversation with him.—Some of the band scattered through the forest.

MOOR.

And was he dear to you, that other son?

OLD MOOR.

Heaven knows how dear he was to me! O why did my weak heart ever listen to those artful tales of basest calumny? I was so happy! above all fathers blest in the fair promise of my childrens youth.—But, Oh accursed hour! the spirit of a fiend possessed the younger of my sons—I trusted to the serpent's wiles, and lost—both my children! (*Hides his face with his bands. Moor goes to a little distance.*) How deeply now I feel the truth of those sad words Amelia uttered, “In vain, “when on your death-bed, you shall stretch your “feeble hands to grasp your Charles—he never will “approach your bed—never more comfort you.” (*Moor, turning away his head, gives him his hand.*) Oh were this my Charles's hand! But he is gone!—He's in the narrow house! he sleeps the sleep of death!—He cannot hear the voice of my complaint—I must die amidst the strangers—No son have I to close my eyes!

MOOR.

(*In great agitation.*) It must be so—it must this moment. (*To the robbers.*) Leave us alone!—And yet—can I bring back his son?—I never can bring back *that* son!—No, no, it must not be.—No, never, never!—

OLD

OLD MOOR.

What dost thou say?—What dost thou mutter to thyself?

MOOR.

Thy son!—Yes, old man, (*hesitating,*) thy son is lost for ever!

OLD MOOR.

For ever?

MOOR.

Ask me no more!—For ever!

OLD MOOR.

Why did you take me from yon hideous dungeon?

MOOR.

(*Aside.*) But stay—if I could now but get his blessing—steal it from him like a thief, and so escape with that celestial treasure! (*He throws himself at his feet.*) I broke the iron bolts of the dungeon.—Blessed old man! I ask thy kiss for that.

OLD MOOR.

(*Pressing him to his bosom.*) Take this, and think it is a father's kiss—and I will dream I hold my Charles to my breast.—What? can you weep?

MOOR.

(*With great emotion.*) I thought it was a father's kiss. (*Throws himself on his neck.—A confused noise is heard, and a light is seen of torches approaching. Moor rises hastily.*) Hark! 'tis vengeance comes!—Yonder they come! (*Looks earnestly at the old man, and then raises his eyes to heaven, with an expression of deliberate fury.*) Thou suffering Lamb! enflame me with the tyger's fury! The sacrifice must now be offered up! and such a victim, that the stars shall hide their heads in darkness, and universal nature be appalled!

led! (*The torches are seen, the noise encreases, and several pistol-shots are heard.*)

OLD MOOR.

Alas! alas! what is that horrid noise? Who is a-coming?—Are these my son's confederates come to drag me from the dungeon to the scaffold?

MOOR.

(*Raising his hands to heaven.*) O Judge of heaven and earth! hear a murderer's prayer! Give him ten thousand lives! may life return anew, and every danger's stroke refresh him for eternal agonies!

OLD MOOR.

What is't you mutter there?—'tis horrible!—

MOOR.

I say my prayers! (*The wild music of the Robbers is heard.*)

OLD MOOR.

O think of Francis in your prayers!

MOOR.

(*In a voice choked with rage.*) He is not forgotten!—

OLD MOOR.

That's not the voice of one who prays!—O cease!—Such prayers make me shudder!—

(Enter Switzer with a party of Robbers:—Francis de Moor, handcuffed, in the middle of them.)

SWITZER.

Triumph! Captain.—Here he is!—I have fulfilled my word.

GRIMM.

We tore him out of the flames of his castle:—His vassals all took to flight.

KOZINSKI.

KOZINSKI.

The castle is in ashes—and even the memory of his name annihilated. (*A dreadful pause.—Moor comes slowly forward.*)

MOOR.

(*With a stern voice to Francis.*) Dost thou know me?

(*Francis, without answering, fixes his eyes immovably on the ground, while Charles leads him towards the old man.*)

MOOR.

Dost thou know that man?

FRANCIS.

(*Starting back with horror.*) Thunder of heaven! It is my father!

OLD MOOR.

(*Turns away shuddering.*) Go! May God forgive you.—I have forgotten—

MOOR.

(*With stern severity.*) And may my curse accompany that prayer, and clog it with a millstone's weight, that it may never reach the mercy-seat of God!—Do you know that dungeon?

FRANCIS.

(*To Herman.*) Monster! Has your inveterate enmity to our blood, pursued my poor father even to this dungeon?

HERMAN.

Bravo! Bravo! Where a lie is wanted, the devil will never desert his own.

MOOR.

Enough.—Lead this old man a little on into the forest.—I need no father's tears to prompt to what remains. (*They lead off the old Count, who is in a state*

of insensibility.) Approach ye felons! (They form a semicircle round the two brothers, and look sternly on, resting upon their muskets.) Now, not a breath be heard! As sure as I now hope for heaven's mercy—the first who moves his lips to utter a sound, I blow his brains out.—Hush!

FRANCIS.

(To Herman, in a transport of rage.) Wretch! that I could spit my poisonous foam in torrents on that face! —This is gall! (Gnawing his chains, and weeping from rage.)

MOOR.

(With great dignity.) I stand commissioned here as minister of heaven's Almighty King, the Judge of right and wrong;—and from your mouths I shall announce a doom, which the most pure and upright court on earth would sanction and approve.—The guilty are assembled here as judges, and I of all most guilty am their chief.—He, who on scrutiny of his own conscience, and strict review of all his past offences, does not appear pure as the innocent child, and spotless when compared with this enormous and most horrible wretch, let him withdraw from this assembly, and break his poniard as a token! (All the Robbers throw away their poniards, without breaking them, and remain in the same posture.) Now, Moor, be proud indeed! for thou hast this day changed the scarlet sinners to the spotless angels.—There's still a poniard wanting. (He draws his poniard, and a pause ensues.) His mother was mine too! (To Kozinski and Switzer.) Be you the judges! (In great emotion he breaks his poniard, and retires to a side.)

SWITZER.

(After a pause.) Stand I not here like some poor dunce

dunce at school, bewildered and amazed,—my faculties locked up.—What, not a new invention to be found of torment.—While life is lavish in variety of pleasures, is death so niggardly in choice of tortures? (*Striking the ground impatiently.*) Speak thou, for I have lost all faculty of invention.

KOZINSKI.

Think on his gray hairs:—Cast your eyes on that dungeon:—Let these suggest! Should I, a scholar, thus instruct his master?

SWITZER.

Accustomed as I am to scenes of horror, I'm poor in such invention.—Was not this dungeon the chief scene of his atrocious crimes?—Sit we not now in judgement before this dungeon? Down with him into the vault! there let him rot alive!

THE ROBBERS.

(*Applauding tumultuously.*) Down with him! Down with him! (*They go to lay hold of him.*)

FRANCIS.

(*Springing into the arms of his brother.*) Save me from the claws of these murderers! Save me, brother!

MOOR.

Thou hast made me chief of these murderers. (*Francis starts back with terror.*) Wilt thou entreat me now?

THE ROBBERS.

(*Still more tumultuous.*) Down with him! Down with him!

MOOR.

(*With a dignified expression of grief.*) Son of my father! Thou hast robbed me of Heaven's bliss! Be that sin blotted out! Perdition is thy lot!—I do forgive thee,

I 3

brother!

brother ! (*He embraces him, and goes out, while the Robbers put Francis down into the dungeon, laughing in a savage manner.*)

MOOR.

(*Returning, plunged in a deep reverie.*) It is accomplished ! O God who rulest all ! accept my thanks.—It is accomplished ! (*In deep meditation.*) IF THIS DUNGEON SHOULD BE THE LIMIT OF MY COURSE; TO WHICH THOU HAST LED ME THROUGH PATHS OF BLOOD AND HORROR : IF FOR THAT END THOU HAST DECREED I SHOULD BECOME THE CHIEF OF THESE FOUL MURDERERS : Eternal Providence ! I bend me to thy will with awe and reverence—I tremble and adore !—Thus let it be—and here I terminate the work.—His battle o'er, the soldier falls with dignity. Thus let me vanish with the night, and end my course as breaks yon purple dawn !—Bring in my father ! (*Some of the Robbers go out, and return with the old man.*)

OLD MOOR.

O whither do you lead me ? Where is my son ?

MOOR.

(*With dignified composure.*) The planet and the grain of sand hath each its place allotted in this scene of things ; Thy son hath likewise his.—Be feated there !

OLD MOOR.

(*Breaks out into tears.*) Oh, I have no children !
None !

MOOR.

Peace, peace ! Be feated there !

OLD MOOR.

O cruel in your kindness ! You have saved a dying wretch, and dragged him back to life, only to tell him
that

that his children are no more! Shew mercy yet, and bury me again in that dark tower!

MOOR.

(Seizes his hand, and raises it with transport to heaven.) Do not blaspheme, old man! Blaspheme not Him, before whose righteous throne I have this day prayed with confidence—To-day, the wicked have approached the throne of mercy.

OLD MOOR.

And have they there been taught to murder?

MOOR.

(With a voice of indignation.) Old man, no more! (In a calmer tone.) If his divinity thus stirs within the sinner's breast, is it for saints to quench that holy fire? Where could you now find words to express contrition or to sue forgiveness, if this day He should baptise for thee—A SON

OLD MOOR.

Are sons baptised in blood?

MOOR.

What dost thou say? Is truth revealed by the tongue of despair?—Yes, old man, it is possible for Providence to baptise even with blood.—This day He has baptised for thee with blood.—Fearful and wonderful are His ways.—But in the end are tears of joy.

OLD MOOR.

Where shall those tears be shed?

MOOR.

Upon thy Charles's heart! (Throws himself into his arms.)

OLD MOOR.

(In a transport of joy.) My Charles alive!

MOOR.

MOOR.

Yes ! he's alive ! sent here to save—to avenge his father.—Thus by thy favourite son thy kindness compensated. (*Pointing to the tower.*) Thus by the prodigal revenged ! (*Presses him more warmly to his breast.*)

THE ROBBERS.

Hark ! there are voices in the forest !

MOOR.

Call in the band ! (*The Robbers go out.*) 'Tis time, O heart ! time to remove the cup of pleasure from the lips, before it turn to poison.

OLD MOOR.

Are these men thy friends ? I dread to look at them.

MOOR.

Ask any thing but that !—That has no answer.

Enter Amelia, with her hair dishevelled. All the band follow, and range themselves in the back ground of the scene.

AMELIA.

They say the dead have arisen at his voice—that my uncle is alive—saved from that tower !—My Charles, where are you ? Where is my uncle ?

MOOR.

(*Starting back.*) Oh ! what a picture for an eye like mine !

OLD MOOR.

(*Rises trembling*) Amelia ! my dear niece !

AMELIA.

(*Throwing herself into the old man's arms.*) My father, O once more, my Charles !—my all !

OLD MOOR.

My Charles alive !—and I !—and all ! My Charles alive !——

MOOR.

MOOR.

(With fury, to the band.) Let us be gone, my friends!
The arch-fiend has betrayed me!

AMELIA.

(Disengaging herself from the embrace of the old man, flies into the arms of Charles, and embraces him with transport.) I have him here! O heavens, I have him here!

MOOR.

Tear her from my arms!—Kill her!—and him—and me too—and all!—Let nature go to wreck!

AMELIA.

My husband! Oh my husband! Transported quite! he is in extasy.—Why am I thus poor in transport? cold, insensible, 'midst this tumultuous joy?

OLD MOOR.

Come, my children!—Here, Charles, thy hand—and thine, Amelia! A happiness like this I never looked for on this side the grave.—Here let me bless your union—and for ever——

AMELIA.

For ever his! For ever! and he mine! O Powers of heaven! abate this torrent of delight! It kills with pleasure!

MOOR.

(Tearing himself from the arms of Amelia.) Away! away! dear wretch! most miserable of brides!—Look there!—ask of these men!—and hear them!—Hear them, O most unhappy of all fathers!—Let me be gone for ever!

AMELIA.

What wouldst thou do?—where go?—Here's love and happiness eternal! What mean those dreadful words?

OLD

OLD MOOR.

Where would he go? My son! my only son! What does he mean?

MOOR.

It is too late!—In vain!—Thy curse, my father!—Ask me no more.—I am—I have—thy curse—believed, at least, thy curse*!—(*With firmness.*) Die, wretched Emily!—Father, by me twice slain!—these thy deliverers—are robbers!—robbers and assassins!—Thy son—their Captain!

OLD MOOR.

O God!—My children!—Oh! (*He dies.*)

(*Amelia remains motionless as a statue.—The band preserve a dreadful silence.*)

MOOR.

(*Running to dash his head against an oak, stops suddenly.*) The spirits of those I murdered in their sleep—or in the bed of love!—Hark! yon dreadful explosion, which crush'd to death the mother and her infant!—The flames, which lick'd the cradles of the babes!—Ay, that's the nuptial torch—and these the wedding songs!—Oh! He has not forgotten.—He knows to crave his debt.—Then, Love, be gone for ever.—Here is my doom—and this my just award!—'Tis retribution.

AMELIA.

(*Who recovers as if from a thunder-stroke.*) Father of heaven! 'tis true!—He has said it!—It is true.—But what have I done?—I, an innocent lamb!—I have loved THIS MAN!

MOOR.

'Tis more than man can bear! I have heard the yell of death poured from a thousand mouths, and never shrunk! Shall I now quake before a woman?—be myself

* GERM. *Dein vermeinter fluch.* Thy supposed curse.

self a woman ! No, no !—No woman e'er shall move
to weakness this man's heart.—I must have blood !—
This will wear off ! I'll drink of blood—and then I'll
brave my fate ! (*Is going off.*)

AMELIA.

(*Rushes into his arms.*) Murderer ! fiend ! whate'er
thou art—angel to me ! I will not let thee go !

MOOR.

Is this a dream ? a frenzy of the brain ? or new de-
vice of hell, to make its game of me ? See how she
clings—clings to the murderer's neck !

AMELIA.

Ay—fast !—for ever !

MOOR.

She loves me !—loves me still.—Then I am spotless
as the light !—She loves me.—With all my crimes, she
loves me ;—an angel weeps on a fiend's neck—a fiend
restored to grace.—Here let the serpents of the Furies
die—hell sink to nothing—I am happy ! (*Hiding his
face on the bosom of Amelia.*)

GRIMM.

(*Furiously.*) Stop, Traitor ! leave her arms this
instant !—or I will speak a word that shall appal thee
to the soul !

SWITZER.

(*Interposes his sword between Moor and Grimm.*)
Think on the forest of Bohemia ! Mark'ſt thou that ?
Think on the forest of Bohemia ! Traitor ! Where are
thy oaths ?—Are all our wounds forgot ? our fortune,
honour, life, despised for thee ? our sufferings, more
than mortal, set at nought ! Didſt thou not then lift
up that hand to heaven, and swear—swear never to for-
faze us—never to desert those who have been true to
thee ?

thee?—Foul, faithless, basest traitor!—To sell us for a woman's tears!

THE ROBBERS.

(*Murmuring confusedly, uncover their breasts.*) Look here! look at these wounds!—We bought thee with our blood! Thou art our bondman—ours thou art!—If the Archangel Michael should seek to wrest thee from the Prince of hell—thou art ours.—Come! come along! a victim for a victim! a woman for the band!

MOOR.

(*Disengaging himself from Amelia's arms.*) 'Tis done!—I would have fain gone back.—But HE that is in heaven has said, No! Look not thus dark upon me, Emily! HE has no need of me.—Has he not millions of his creatures? He can spare one!—I am that one.—Come, friends, let us be gone! (*Turning to the band.*)

AMELIA.

(*Holding him fast.*) Stop, stop! one single stroke!—a mortal stroke! Again abandoned!—O draw that sword in mercy!

MOOR.

Mercy is in the tyger's heart.—I cannot kill thee.

AMELIA.

(*Embracing his knees.*) O, for the love of God!—for mercy!—I ask thee not for love.—I know we are curst by Fate.—Death! death's my only prayer!—See, my hand shakes.—I cannot touch the sword—its gleaming terrifies me!—O, to thee it were so easy! inured to death.—Strike, strike, and I will bless thee!

MOOR.

(*With sternness.*) Wouldst thou alone be happy? Begone! I cannot kill a woman!

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Murderer ! thou kill'st the happy only—but the wretch who longs for death, thy barbarous pity spares. (*To the band.*) Have mercy on me ! kindest ministers of death !—O pity me ! Yes, those savage looks are comfort to the wretch !—They thirst for blood.—Dispatch me quick !—In mercy kill me ! Your master is a coward—a mere braggart ! (*Some of the Robbers present their pieces at her.*)

MOOR.

(*In fury.*) Begone, you harpies ! (*Places himself between them and Amelia.*) Dare but a soul of you to violate this sanctuary !—She is mine ! (*Encircling her waist with his arm.*) Let heaven and hell combine their powers to force her from this hold !—Love is above all oaths ! (*He lifts her from the ground, and shews her triumphantly to all the band.*) What Nature has united, who shall dare to part ?

THE ROBBERS.

(*Levelling their muskets, and taking aim at both.*) We shall dare !

MOOR.

(*With a contemptuous smile.*) Poor, impotent, and weak ! (*He places Amelia, who is almost insensible, on a stone.*) Look up, my bride ! No priest shall bless our union—no hallowed prayer be said !—I know what's better. (*Takes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and discovers her bosom.*) Gaze on this beauteous sight ! if ye be men ! Felons ! have ye hearts of stone ?—Behold me here ! I'm young—I've felt the power of love ! I was beloved ! betroth'd !—I had reached the gate of paradise ! (*In a tone of tender supplication.*) and shall my brothers force me thence ? (*The Robbers smile.*)

smile.)—It is enough! (With firmness.) Thus far has Nature spoke!—Now the Man's part begins!—I am a murderer, like you!—a robber, and incendiary!—I am—(advancing to the band with an air of inexpressible majesty)—your Captain!—and will you thus, ye felons! sword in hand, thus treat, thus parley with your Captain? Down with your arms! it is your master who commands! (They lay down their arms.) There! what are you now, but children, and I—am free!—Moor must be free, in order to be great! Now, I would not exchange this triumph for an elysium of love! (He draws his sword.) Poor wretches! your mean souls reach not this height.—Whate'er is great seems frenzy in your eyes.—The spirit of despair outstrips your snail-paced wisdom. On deeds like these we pause not till they are done!—I'll think on this—hereafter!

(He stabs Amelia.)

THE ROBBERS.

(Clapping their hands.) Bravo! most worthy Captain! Thy honour is discharg'd!—Thou Prince of Robbers!

MOOR.

Now she is mine! She's mine!—Or that hereafter is but the dream of fools!—I have foil'd my destiny!—In spite of fate, I have brought home my bride:—And with this sword, have seal'd our wedding vows.—Thousands of years shall pass, and seasons roll, e'er the bright sun shall witness such a deed.—*(To Amelia with tenderness.) Was it not sweet, my Emily, to die thus by thy bridegroom's hand?*

AMELIA.

(Stretching out her hand to him.) Oh most sweet!

(She dies.)

MOOR.

(To the band.) And now, my friends! warm-heart-

ed, pitying friends ! Did your poor felon-souls look for a deed like this ? What was your sacrifice to me ? a life stain'd deep with infamy, spotted with crimes—blasted with sin and shame.—I sacrificed to you a spotless angel ! (*Throws his sword to them with contempt.*) Now, felons, we are even ! This bleeding corpse cancels my bond for ever.—From yours, I set you free !

THE ROBBERS.

(*Crowding around him.*) We are your slaves till death !

MOOR.

No, no !—All is accomplished ! My genius tells me, “Here must be thy bourn :—Thus far could nature go !” No further !”—Here, take this bloody plume ! (*Throws his plume at their feet.*) He that will be your Captain now, may take it up !

THE ROBBERS.

Oh spiritless ! Where are your mighty plans ? Air-bubbles all ! burst with a woman's breath !

MOOR.

(*With dignity.*) What Moor has done, who dares to question ?—Hear my last command !—Come hither !—Stand around, and hearken to your dying Captain's words ? (*Looking at them for a long time.*) You have been devoted to me—faithful beyond example.—Had virtue been the bond of your attachment, you had been heroes :—your memories had been revered, your names pronounced with rapture by mankind.—Go, and devote what yet remains of life to mankind's service, to your country's cause. Go, serve a gracious king, who wages war to vindicate the rights of man ! This be my benediction ! Hence !—Farewel.—Stop, Switzer and Kozinski !

(*The band goes out, leaving Switzer and Kozinski with Moor.*)

MOOR

MOOR.

Give me thy hand, Kozinski! Thine too, Switzer!
(Taking their hands, and placing himself between them.)
 Young man! *(To Kozinski.)* Thou art yet unspotted
 —amongst the guilty, only guiltless! *(To Switzer.)*
 These hands I have deep-imbrued in blood! That be
 my offence, not thine! Here with this grasp I take
 what is mine own.—Now, Switzer, thou art pure!
(Raises their hands to heaven with fervour.) Father of
 heaven! here I give them up! lost sheep restored! They
 will be now more fervently thine own than those who
 never fell! *(Switzer and Kozinski fall on each other's
 neck.)* Not now, my friends! O spare me—in this de-
 cisiue hour!—An earldom is mine by heritage, a rich
 domain, on which no malediction rests.—Share it be-
 tween you:—Become good men! good citizens! And
 if for ten whom I have destroyed you make but one
 man blest, my soul may yet be saved!—Go! quick!
 while yet my fortitude remains! *(Switzer and Kozin-
 ski go out, hiding their faces.)*

4 AP 54

Good citizen! And am not I too worthy of that
 name? What law so terrible as that which I have o-
 beyed? What vengeance or atonement of offence that's
 like to mine?—Be my fate fulfilled!—Hard by I have
 observed a wretch who labours by the day, an officer.—
 He has eleven children.—To him who shall deliver up
 the ~~████████~~ Moor, a high reward is now proclaimed.—
 He and his babes shall have it!

THE END.